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THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE.

The methods made use of by our schools in the teaching of English literature have, for some years past, been in a transition stage, exhibiting a strong tendency towards more enlightened ways of dealing with this vastly important subject. The ferment is of the healthful type, and a fairly clarified product may not unreasonably be expected to result. When Matthew Arnold declared the future of poetry to be immense, he expressed a truth whose full significance may be realized only upon considerable reflection, and the assumption of a broadly philosophical standpoint from which to view the coming conquests of culture. The same idea was expressed, with something of humorous exaggeration, by the author of "The New Republic," in attributing to John Stuart Mill the opinion that "when all the greater evils of human life shall have been removed, the human race is to find its chief enjoyment in reading Wordsworth's poetry." To indicate the importance of a due appreciation of literature we hardly need, upon this occasion, to repeat the hackneyed quotations in praise of books, from Richard de Bury to Carlyle; we may surely take it for granted that, allowing Arnold's demand on behalf of conduct, for a good three-fourths of our life, a considerable share of the remaining fraction may be claimed for literature. But if literature is to count for so much among our higher interests, the manner in which we set about to prepare the way for it is surely of the utmost importance, and any misdirection of energy in this preparation means an almost incalculable loss.

The main reliance of primary education, in this important subject, has been, and still is, the "reader," supplemented by occasional outside passages of prose and verse, generally selected without judgment, and committed to memory for the purpose of being "spoken." All "readers" are bad in the sense that their use implies a very narrow limitation of the amount of matter to be read, and most of them are bad as regards the character of the selections included. The essential points to be insisted upon in the reading of lower schools are two, and two only. Nothing, absolutely nothing, should be read or recited that is not literature, and the amount of reading done by the child should be as large as possible. An ideal "reader" might easily be compiled; indeed, excellent books of the sort are now to be had. But the use of the "reader" generally means wearisome repetition of a limited amount of matter, whereas a rational method would demand very little repetition. The jaded interest with which a hapless child cons the familiar and well-thumbed pages is fatal

to that appreciation of literature which it should be the first aim of primary education to encourage. Why, in these days of inexpensive production of reading-matter, should a child be forced to peruse the same pages over and over again until the very sight of the book is hateful to him? Why should not every day bring to him fresh matter for the stimulation of his growing intelligence and imagination?

As for the other point upon which we should insist, the reading of nothing that is not worth reading, there can be no possible excuse for the kind of pabulum that is too commonly fed, by spoonfuls, to the mind of the young. When we consider the peculiarly receptive quality of the child's mind, the retentiveness whose loss he will so soon have occasion to mourn, the imagination so early to be dulled by the prosaic years to come, does it not seem a crime to make of these faculties or powers anything less than the utmost possible, to force the free spirit into ruts and waste it upon inanities? Having at hand the ample literature which gives expression to the childhood of the race, the literature of myth and fable, of generous impulse moving to heroic deed, how can a teacher be justified in substituting for this the manufactured and self-conscious twaddle that is the staple of most modern writing for children? Even for the very youngest who can read at all, there is no lack of suitable material. The melodies of Mother Goose, as Mr. Scudder has convincingly argued, are literature in a certain sense, surely in a far higher sense than the nursery jingles that too often take their place. And when a more advanced stage has been reached, there is the whole world of fairy lore, the wealth of religious and secular story-telling, the inexhaustible fund of historical incident, all of which must be included in the outfit of the adult mind, and much of which is better acquired at an early age than at any other. The child who has grown up in ignorance of the labors of Hercules and Siegfried's fight with the dragon, of the wanderings of Ulysses and the deeds of King Arthur, of Horatius at the bridge and Leonidas at Thermopylæ, has missed something that cannot be given him later, and may justly feel himself defrauded of a part of his birthright. The sense of injury is only aggravated by finding the mind filled instead with lumber worse than useless, with recollections of the worthless stuff, only too well remembered, that in childhood usurped the place that should have been filled by literature carefully selected for the value of its form or of its subject-matter.

While there are indications of an approaching reform in the methods of reading employed by our lower schools, and of reform along the lines above drawn, the progress in this direction will probably be so slow as to discourage all but the most sanguine. As long as the management of our common schools remains in the hands of persons selected with little or no reference to their fitness for the work — and that this is generally the case throughout the United States is a fact that need hardly be

enlarged upon—we cannot hope for very much. In the fields of secondary and still higher education the outlook is brighter, for the problem is being dealt with in a more enlightened spirit. But the complaint that a considerable proportion of high school and college students have no literary aptitude whatever is still heard, and benumbs the efforts of many among the well-meaning, some of whom seem disposed to accept this proposition as a statement of one of the stubborn facts of nature. To our mind, the proportion will remain large as long as we do not attack the difficulty at its root in the very earliest years of school life. But we do not believe that there is any good evidence of the proportion being large by nature. It is not, however, surprising, when we consider the systematic way in which the literary appreciation is dulled by the narrow and mechanical methods of so much of our primary education, that the healthful growth of this faculty, thus arrested at a critical stage, should in many cases be found difficult or impossible of stimulation at a later period.

In secondary education, the old-fashioned treatment of English literature found its embodiment in a historical text-book, to be learned mostly by heart, accompanied sometimes by a hand-book of "extracts," in which each representative writer received an allotment of two or three pages. Sometimes the history and the "extracts" were jumbled together, to the still further abridgment of the latter. The modern method, which has gained much ground of late, concentrates the attention upon a few longer works and their writers. This method is doubtless an advance upon the other, yet it sometimes means a reaction carried to extremes. We cannot afford to eliminate the historical text-book altogether, but we do need to have the right kind of book and to use it with intelligence. For the book that gives cut-and-dried critical formulas—a too prevalent type—the educator can have no use. What he wants is a book that shall stimulate the critical faculty in the student, not suppress it by supplying criticism ready-made. To direct, but not to force, opinion, and to encourage the widest range of independent reading, should be the aims of secondary instruction in literature. As for the bare facts—dates, historical conditions, and the like—they must be learned as facts, but they are not all as lifeless as many students think them, and a judicious and sympathetic instructor will succeed in clothing many of them with such associations as to make their retention an easy matter.

In college education, the reaction against the formal and dispiriting methods of the past has been very pronounced, and the study of literature appears to be in a state of generally healthful activity. In this field of education, the chief danger seems to lie in an undue preponderance of the scientific spirit. The temptation to regard works of literature as material for minute philological and historical analysis is very strong, and this procedure finds

a certain warrant in the marked success which everywhere attends it. But the real question is whether the success thus obtained is of the sort to be desired. Does it not mean the intrusion of science upon a domain set apart for other, if not higher, purposes? It is doubtless much easier to treat literature by the method of science than by the method of æsthetics; but does not literature, thus treated, cease to assert its peculiar and indispensable function? Perhaps it may be just as well, as a recent writer* upon this subject suggests, to defer "laboratory work" in literature "until scientists introduce literary methods into the laboratory." The effects of this "mechanical and harshly intellectualized study" are not unfairly described by the writer in the following suggestive passage: "If the literary neophyte's attention is directed too largely toward facts, he may mistake the means for the end, and as a result of his training find the principal object that confronts him as he takes up new works, nothing spiritual and æsthetic, but only the task of obtaining exterior information, hunting down quotations, dates, and allusions, surveying a poem by the rod and line of a technical phraseology, detecting parallels, and baying at the holes of conjectural originals, finally to emerge from his studies learned, but not literary." It seems to us that our colleges should no longer permit this sort of work to masquerade as the study of literature, but should relegate it to the department of science, where it properly belongs. But many of our college calendars, upon compliance with this demand, would be shown completely denuded of literary courses, which, in turn, might result in the much-needed provision for the study of literature in the true sense. It is no easy matter to disentangle the study of literature, thus conceived, from the meshes that philological and historical science have woven about it, but a few men have been successful in the work, and their example is there for the rest to follow. Men of this class, more than of any other, are needed by our colleges to-day; and in securing such men, giving free scope to their activity, and recognizing the claims of their work as no less serious than the claims of work in any other department, the colleges will do literature the best service in their power.

*Professor Edward T. McLaughlin in "The Educational Review."

LITERATURE AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Literature will be represented at the Columbian Exposition in two distinct ways. First there will be the exhibit of books and libraries in the Liberal Arts Department of the Exposition proper at Jackson Park,—an exhibit to be made up chiefly of consignments from the various publishers, whose applications for space evince a very general interest in the matter, and give promise of an attractive

and worthy display. Of far greater importance to the interests of literature, however, will be the series of conferences, or congresses, to be held in July in the Memorial Art Building near the heart of the city, as a part of the programme planned by the World's Congress Auxiliary, an outline of whose grand and comprehensive work was given in *THE DIAL* for Dec. 16 last. It is the present intention to have these Literary congresses begin on the 10th of July, one week in advance of the Educational congresses, as many visitors may wish to attend meetings in both of these departments. By using the several audience-rooms that will be provided in the Art Building, the meetings of different sections may be held simultaneously, and thus the work of the congresses be greatly expedited.

The general department of Literature, as we have already explained, has been made to include, besides literature proper as represented by authors and their interests, sections devoted to philology and history, and to libraries. In each of the three last-named sections plans are to be formed and programmes provided, as far as possible, in coöperation with existing national organizations—such as the Modern Language and Oriental Societies, the Historical Society, and the Librarians' Association,—some or all of which have already decided to hold their annual meetings for this year in Chicago, as a part of the proceedings of the Auxiliary Congresses. In the plans for a Congress of Authors, the same policy will, as far as practicable, be pursued, and the work carried on by the local committees in conjunction with, or at least in consultation with, the representative societies of men of letters—such as the American Copyright League, the Author's Club of New York, and the London Society of Authors. The drift of discussion will thus naturally tend, at least in the beginning, toward those subjects most nearly related to the interests of authors in their profession: the rights of literary property, copyright laws, national and international, the relations between authors and publishers, etc. An international conference on the laws of literary property is among the probabilities of the Authors' Congress, and may be an occasion of very great interest and benefit. A number of prominent authors, at home and abroad, have cordially approved the general purposes of the congress, and, in response to the request of the local committee, have offered valuable suggestions as to the practical measures to be adopted. Mr. Walter Besant, late president of the London Society of Authors, has written that he will attend the congress as the delegate of his society, and will submit a paper by himself on some of the questions raised, from an English point of view. Hon. James Bryce, M.P., has given some timely counsel and furnished some excellent additions to the list of topics to be discussed. Royalty, in the person of King Oscar of Sweden-Norway, acknowledges recognition as a man of letters by expressing through his secretary his "warmest wishes for the Congress of Authors and for the results of its labors,

as everything that will forward the dignity and welfare of the literary calling deeply interests his Majesty." In this country much valuable assistance has been rendered by Mr. E. C. Stedman, the president of the American Copyright League, and by Mr. R. U. Johnson, its secretary; also by Mr. R. W. Gilder and others.

While the plans thus far formed for the Congress of Authors relate principally to subjects of professional rather than of general literary interest, the latter should not and need not be lost sight of. Such topics as the relation of dramatic and musical copyright to literary copyright, the teaching of literature in the schools and colleges, current modes and standards of literary criticism, literature and the newspapers, perhaps even the moral purpose in literature, might be discussed with profit not only to the writers of books but to the readers of them, and with the result of greatly broadening the interest and influence of the Literary Congresses.

IBSEN'S NEW DRAMA, "BYGMESTER SOLNESS."

Ibsen once wrote to a friend, speaking of the chief character in his greatest dramatic work, to the effect that the conception of Brand as a priest was accidental, and that the problem involved in his delineation was not essentially a religious one. "I might," he said, "have embodied the syllogism in the person of a sculptor or a politician as well as in that of a priest." One does not need to have read far in his Ibsen to understand this remark, to appreciate the fact that with this writer the problem or the type of character is everything; the environment or the shape given it little or nothing. The least essential thing, then, about Halvard Solness, the principal character in Ibsen's new play, is the nature of his profession, which is that of a master-builder. (The work "*Bygmester*" is equivalent to the German *Baumeister*, and means something less than an architect,—less, that is, in scientific acquirement. We shall translate the word as "builder" in the extracts which follow). But when we come to ask what is the problem, what the type that the author has sought to portray in his latest work, we are somewhat puzzled about our answer. The play belongs clearly to the series of Ibsen's dramas of modern life, which began with "*The Pillars of Society*" (1877), and ended, until the publication of this year, with "*Hedda Gabler*." It is, as far as the leading character is concerned, a study in morbid psychology; but the type is highly complex, and does not readily lend itself to definition. We will present an outline of the play, with numerous translated extracts, and see what can be done in the way of a summary.

The characters of the play are these: Halvard Solness, the builder, a man in middle life; Aline, his wife; Doctor Herdal, the family physician; Knut Brovik, a decayed architect, and his son,

Ragnar, both now employed by Solness; Kaja Fosli, niece of Knut Brovik, also employed by Solness; and Hilde Wangel, a young woman of whom more hereafter. The play is in three acts, all of which occur in and about the house occupied by Solness both as a place of business and a dwelling. Herr Jaeger, the dramatist's most competent biographer, calls attention to the fact that his modern plays begin where conventionally planned works would end. "All of Ibsen's later pieces are really nothing more than so many grand final catastrophes. The situation is fully defined before the play begins; all the critical moments are past, and it becomes the task of the play merely to illuminate the given situation, and to carry it out to its remotest consequences." (Henrik Ibsen, 1828-1888. A Critical Biography. By Henrik Jæger.) To explain the action of the play we must, then, recount the past events which it involves. Solness started as a poor boy in the employ of Architect Brovik. His fortune began with the burning of the family home of his wife, to whom he was early married. In the work of rebuilding he found an opportunity to exercise his skill, and was thus embarked upon a successful professional career. But the burning of the home had tragic consequences, for it occurred on a winter night, and the exposure brought illness to his wife and death to the twin boys, their children. Professional success attended his steps from this time on, and at the opening of the play his position as the one architect of the district is unquestioned. But the fatal accident of twelve years before still affects both the lives that were darkened by it. Both continue to brood over their loss, and both show the symptoms of incipient mental derangement, or, at least, a morbid condition of mind that borders on derangement. As one sign of psychological disturbance, Solness is haunted by the fear that his position is not secure, that younger men will spring up to supplant him, just as he had supplanted Brovik. This fear is emphasized by his employment of young Brovik, in whom he recognizes a talent that he seeks to suppress. Now Ragnar Brovik is engaged to marry a young girl, Kaja Fosli by name. Solness employs this young woman as a bookkeeper, hoping thereby to keep Ragnar from seeking an independent career. But Kaja, soon after entering upon her work, becomes passionately attached to Solness, who seems to encourage her affection without exactly returning it, and is careless of consequences, so long as he may keep Ragnar under his control.

When the play opens, Ragnar has just had the opportunity to design a villa for some wealthy people of the district, and wishes his employer to give the plans the stamp of his approval. The elder Brovik, who is rapidly failing in health, wishes to see his son established in life before leaving him forever, and seeks an interview with Solness. The following is a part of the dialogue, in which Solness for the first time reveals the fear by which he is haunted. Brovik has already spoken of Ragnar's

designs, and of the people who are ready to accept them if Solness will approve:

Solness. [With suppressed bitterness.] So they came to Ragnar—when I was out!

Brovik. They came to pay you their respects. And to ask whether you would be willing to withdraw.

Solness. [Starting up.] Withdraw! I!

Brovik. In case you thought that Ragnar's design—

Solness. I! Withdraw for your son!

Brovik. Withdraw from the agreement, they meant.

Solness. Well, it amounts to the same thing. [Laughs bitterly.] So then, Halvard Solness—he must now begin to step back! Give place to those who are younger. To the very youngest, perchance! Merely give place! Place! Place!

Solness refuses the request, and the old man goes away sadly disappointed. Then follows a scene between Solness and Kaja, passionate on her side, affectionate on his, but in which he suggests that her marriage with Ragnar take place at once, and that both remain where they are. The scene is interrupted by the entrance of his wife, whose manner is languid, with the least touch of suspicion, and who informs him that Doctor Herdal is in the house. In the scene that follows between Solness and Herdal, the former tries to draw from the latter the admission that Aline believes her husband to be deranged. The doctor laughs at the suggestion, and the talk becomes confidential on the part of Solness. Among other things, he describes the way in which Kaja came into his office.

Solness. One day she came to see them [her uncle and cousin] upon an errand. She had never been here before. And when I saw how fond of one another they were, it occurred to me that if I could have her here in the office, Ragnar might stay too.

Herdal. That was a very natural idea.

Solness. Yes, but I did not hint a living word of such a thing. I just stood and looked at her, and persistently wished that I had her here. Then I chatted with her a little in a friendly way, about all sorts of things. And then she went her way.

Herdal. Well?

Solness. But the next day, about evening, when old Brovik and Ragnar had gone home, she came here to me again, and acted as if I had made an agreement with her.

Herdal. An agreement? About what?

Solness. About the very thing that I had stood here and wished. But of which I had not spoken a single word.

One is tempted to say of this incident, with Herdal, "I don't understand one blessed word of it all," and to repeat the observation upon several subsequent occasions. The only explanation that seems to fit with this and later episodes of a similar character is that Ibsen attributes to his hero the power of telepathic suggestion. We are sorry to take this view of the matter, for it indicates the author's literary faculty to be sadly in need of a scientific counterpoise; but other men than Ibsen have lately shown that they take seriously the absurdity of thought-transference, and there seems no doubt that this is what the writer intends. We should, however, supplement the foregoing statement by remarking that the faculty attributed to Solness is more varied in its action than the incident already quoted illustrates. In the second act,

after relating to Hilde some singular experiences in his past history, he asks her:

"Do you not believe this too, Hilde, that there are a few picked and chosen people to whom has fallen the grace, the power, the gift to *wish* a thing, to *desire* a thing, to *will* a thing—so persistently and so—inexorably—that they must get it at last? Do you not believe this?"

Solness believes this, at all events; it has become his *idée fixe*; it provides a clue to the intricacies of his mental life. It means for him not only the power of projecting his thoughts into the minds of others, but also the power of so affecting material things as to shape them to his wishes. As a subjective fact, the author is perfectly justified in attributing this mania to Solness, but he taxes the scientific reason more severely than is allowable when he supplies the illusion with such objective corroborations as that already given, or as the one to be mentioned presently.

We left Solness in conversation with Herdal. He is giving confidential expression to the fear that always haunts him, the fear of being pushed aside by a younger generation; he has just said, "Sometime youth will come this way and knock at the door," when an actual knock is heard, and Hilde Wangel appears upon the scene. She is a young woman of twenty-three, and, like Kaja, a victim of the telepathic power attributed to Solness. Ten years before this very day, Solness had celebrated the erection of a new spire upon the church of her village. It was the custom for the builder, upon the completion of such a work, to climb the scaffolding, and place a wreath upon the weather-vane of the spire. This Solness had done, amid the plaudits of the crowd; and of this the child Hilde had been a spectator, shouting "Hurra for Builder Solness," and excitedly waving a flag. Afterwards Solness had been entertained at her father's house. Hilde now comes to tell him that upon the day of the festival, he had taken her in his arms, kissed her, and promised to come in ten years and make her a princess. The ten years are now up, and since he has not come to her, she has come to him. Of all this story, Solness remembers nothing, and it seems to be the author's intention that we shall infer nothing of the sort to have actually occurred. But Solness, with his *idée fixe*, understands that he must have wished it, and so accepts the situation, pretending to recall the circumstances.

Hilde, upon her own invitation, remains in the house as a guest of the family, Fru Solness making no apparent objection. Solness, who is drawn towards Hilde by a strong feeling of sympathy, makes of her the confidant that he cannot make of his sickly and brooding wife, and the second act (the next day) is mainly taken up by conversations between the two. Hilde is intended by the author to stand in sharp contrast to Solness, and the sympathy between them is that of complementary natures. His mania has resulted in a morbid development of conscience: she is the personification of reckless-

ness, in this suggesting the character of Rebekka in "Rosmersholm." The thought of duty repels her; she lives in her passion for excitement, and does not concern herself with the means by which it may be satisfied. In his conversation with her, Solness reveals the secret that has been gnawing at his heart for years. Believing that his wishes, if sufficiently intense, must become translated into objective fact, he holds himself responsible for the tragic event that bereft him of his children and cast a dark shadow over the mind of his wife. For he was ambitious when he started in life, and he had wished that the old house might burn and open a way for his ambition. From that destruction dated his professional success, and from it also the morbid sense of guilt that has made his subsequent life so unhappy.

Solness. Give heed to what I tell you, Hilde. All that I succeeded in doing, building, shaping in beauty, in security, in comfort,—in magnificence too—[wringing his hand] is it not frightful to think—

Hilde. What is so frightful about it?

Solness. That I must now go about and reckon it up. Pay for it. Not with money. But with human happiness. And not merely with my own. With that of others too. Do you see that, Hilde? That is what my artistic success has cost me—and others. And every lifelong day I must go about and see the price paid for me anew. Again, and again, and still again!

Hilde. [Rising and looking steadily at him]. Now you must be thinking of—of her.

Solness. Yes. Most of Aline. For Aline—she too had her vocation in life. Just as truly as I had mine. [With quivering lips.] But her vocation had to be spoiled, crushed, shattered to fragments—that mine might make its way—to some sort of success. Yes, for you must know that Aline, she too had a talent for building.

Hilde. She! for building?

Solness. [Shaking his head]. Not houses, turrets, spires—things of the sort that I busy myself about—

Hilde. But what then?

Solness. [Pale and moved]. To build up children's souls, Hilde. Build them so that they should rise in even poise, in fair and noble shapes. That they should rise to be erect and full-grown human souls. That was Aline's vocation. And now it lies there, unfulfilled, not to be fulfilled hereafter. Of no use in the world. Just like the heap of ruins left by a conflagration.

Hilde. Yes, but even if it were so?

Solness. It is so! It is so! I know it.

Hilde. But surely you are not to blame for it.

Solness. [Fixing his eyes upon her and slowly nodding.] That is the great, the terrible question, you see. There is the doubt that is gnawing me, night and day.

Later in this scene, Hilde puts her finger upon the wound when she describes Solness's conscience as sickly.

Hilde. I mean that your conscience is weak, of delicate texture. It does not grasp things, cannot lift a weight and bear it.

Solness. Hm! What should the conscience be, may I ask?

Hilde. With you I wish that it were—well, robust.

Solness. So? Robust? Have you a robust conscience?

Hilde. Yes, I think I may say that. I have never noticed otherwise.

In this act also, Solness tells Hilde his haunting fear of being supplanted by younger men; but she takes this lightly, and even persuades him to give young Brovik the solicited approval of his plans. This he reluctantly does, and informs both Ragnar

and Kaja that he no longer needs their services. Kaja does not reappear upon the scene, Hilde having completely taken her place in the attention of the builder.

In the third and last act of the play, following the second upon the same day, the influence of Hilde upon Solness reaches its culmination. He finds in her the warm human sympathy for which he has so long yearned, and which it has been useless to expect from his wife. Let us add that the communion of these two souls is purely spiritual, and that there is no touch of indelicacy in the treatment of the situation. The part of the wife is, indeed, throughout that of self-abnegation; she realizes that she cannot enter into her husband's life, is ready to accept and gratefully any influence that can help to brighten and strengthen it. For a moment, Hilde's conscience is aroused by pity for Aline, and appears less "robust" than its wont; but the impulse is transitory, and gives way to the pleasure that she feels in exalting Solness above his normal self, in lifting him for a time out of the slough of despond into which he had sunk. Solness has been erecting a new house for his family, and the building is ready to receive its wreath from the builder according to the custom already mentioned. But Solness confesses that he becomes dizzy upon a height, and that the episode of ten years before, when he himself crowned the church spire, and captured Hilde's imagination, was an exceptional fact in his life, an action not since repeated. In the last scene between the two there is developed a new phase (hinted at once or twice before) of the builder's diseased conscience. Hilde urges him to rise above himself and attempt the impossible once more; and, in his exaltation, he resolves to undertake the perilous work. She asks him if he is afraid.

Solness. Yes, I am.

Hilde. Afraid that you will fall down and kill yourself?

Solness. No, not of that.

Hilde. Of what, then?

Solness. I am afraid of the retribution, Hilde.

Hilde. Of the retribution? [Shaking her head.] I do not understand.

Solness. Sit down, I will tell you something.

Hilde. Yes, do, now. [She sits down and looks expectantly at him].

Solness. You know what I began with was building churches.

Hilde. I know that very well.

Solness. For you see, I came as a boy from a pious home in the country town. And so it seemed to me that church-building was the worthiest choice I could make.

Hilde. Yes, yes.

Solness. And I must say this, that I built those poor little churches with so honest and warm and devoted an aim that—

—that—

Hilde. That—? Well?

Solness. That I thought he must be pleased with me.

Hilde. He? What he?

Solness. He for whom the churches were. He in whose honor and praise they should serve.

Hilde. Well, but are you sure that—that he was not—pleased with you?

Solness. He pleased with me! How can you talk so, Hilde? He who gave the trolld leave to prowl about as it

would within me. He who bade them stand ready to serve me night and day,—all these—these—

Hilde. Devils—

Solness. Yes, of both one and the other sort. No; I was soon made to feel that he was not pleased with me [mysteriously.] It was really for that reason that he let the old house burn down.

Hilde. Was it for that?

Solness. Yes, do you not perceive it? He wanted to give me the opportunity to become a master in my work,—and build still nobler churches for him. To begin with, I did not understand what he was after. But all at once it grew clear to me.

Hilde. When was that?

Solness. It was when I built the church-spire up in Lysanger.

Hilde. I thought so.

Solness. For you see, *Hilde*, there in that strange place I often went about musing and talking to myself. Then I saw clearly why he had taken my little children from me. It was that I might have nothing else to bind me. No such thing as love and happiness, you understand. I should be a builder merely, nothing else. And so all my life through I should go about and build for him [laughing]. But nothing came of that.

Hilde. What did you do then?

Solness. First I searched and tested myself—

Hilde. And then?

Solness. I did the impossible. I as well as he.

Hilde. The impossible?

Solness. Before that I was never able to climb high aloft. But that day I could do it.

Hilde. [Jumping up.] Yes, that you could!

Solness. And when I stood upon the topmost step and hung the crown upon the steeple-vane, I said to him: Listen now, thou almighty one! From this day on I will be a free builder. I also, in my way, as thou in thine, I will no more build churches for thee, but homes for men.

For this, then, it is that *Solness* fears retribution. But he yields to *Hilde's* eager entreaty, and makes the promise.

Solness. If I attempt it, *Hilde*, I will stand up there and talk to him as before.

Hilde. [With increasing excitement.] What will you say to him?

Solness. I will say to him: Hear me, almighty Lord, judge me now as thou thinkest best. But hereafter will I build only what is fairest in the world—

Hilde. [Carried away.] Yes—yes—yes!

Solness. Build it together with a princess, who is dear to me—

Hilde. Yes, tell him that! Tell him that!

Solness. And then I will say to him: I am now going down to put my arms about her and kiss her—

Hilde. Many times! Say that!

Solness. Many, many times will I say.

Hilde. And then—?

Solness. And then I will swing my hat,—and come down to earth—and do as I told him.

What all this means is not very clear. It is evidently a sort of symbolism, but of what it is symbolical the author leaves us in doubt. Is the spirit of revolt here personified, as in Goethe's "Prometheus"?

The tragic ending soon follows. *Solness* takes the wreath, and, to the astonishment of his men, starts to mount the spire with it himself. He reaches the summit, hangs the wreath upon the vane, and swings his hat in the air. *Hilde* raises a jubilant cry, in which the others join, and *Solness*, tottering, falls to the ground, where he lies lifeless. Word is brought to *Hilde*, but she can only remem-

ber that her hero has once more realized his true self, become again what she has thought him all the ten years of waiting, and she tenderly says, as the curtain falls, "*My—my builder.*"

Taken altogether, the play is a curiously interesting piece of work, although we are often perplexed to discern the author's purpose. An intelligent stage presentation, under the author's direction, would doubtless make the meaning clearer than it seems upon perusal. Dramatically effective it would certainly be, however puzzling its theme. The author has hardly a living equal in the construction of dramatic dialogue, and the new play has all the marks of the high finish given its predecessors. As for the character of *Solness*, it is possible that the specialist in mental pathology may be able to classify it; in any case, it is likely to occasion a great deal of discussion of the sort given to the similar problem presented by the character of Hamlet.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Professor Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, of the University of Dublin, is to be this year's Turnbull lecturer upon poetry, his subject being "The Growth and Influence of Latin Poetry." The lectures (eight in number) will be given at the Johns Hopkins University between the 13th and the 24th of March. The following are the subjects of the lectures: 1. Introductory: A General View of Latin Poetry. 2. Early Latin Poetry, especially the Drama. 3. Lucretius and Epicureanism. 4. Catullus and the Transition to the Augustan Age. 5. Virgil. 6. Horace. 7. Satire: Persius and Juvenal. 8. Poetry of the Decline. Professor Tyrrell ranks as one of the three or four greatest English classical scholars now living, and his literary work is of exceptional brilliancy. With the names of Stedman, Jebb, and Tyrrell already to its credit, the Turnbull Foundation has amply justified its existence, and proved fruitful beyond most university endowments.

In Mr. Theodore Watts's second article on "The Portraits of Lord Tennyson," published in the February "Magazine of Art," the author claims that we have "finer portraits of Tennyson than have ever been painted of any other English poet." He then goes on to say: "No reader of Tennyson's poetry can have his soul vexed by grotesque representations of the poet's lineaments such as the caricature of Mr. Swinburne that appears in the memoirs of the late W. B. Scott, where one of the finest brows ever seen is made flat and receding after a type that is more Aztec than European—where the underlip is almost negroid, and where the enormous eyes are out of all proportion to any face pretending to be human." We suspect that this portrait, rather than Mr. Scott's literary inventions, stirred Mr. Swinburne to his recent outbreak upon "The New Terror," and anyone who looks at the portrait will admit that the poet's anger was justified. Mr. Watts goes on to say of Tennyson that, down to the latest moment of his life, his corporeal part "exhibited no touch of senility—presented, indeed, scarcely even a touch of old age. At twelve years beyond man's appointed three

score and ten, the deep, loud bass of his voice vibrated with no single tremor of age." Mr. Watts also speaks of the wonderful volume of 1880—"Ballads and Other Poems"—and says: "To me it showed but another forward movement of that great flood of Tennysonian poetry which I described in the following sonnet to him:

"Beyond the peaks of Káf a rivulet springs
Whose magic waters to a flood expand,
Distilling, for all drinkers on each hand,
The immortal sweets enveiled in mortal things.
From honeyed flowers—from balm of zephyr wings,
From fiery blood of gems, through all the land,
The river draws—then, in one rainbow band,
Ten leagues of nectar o'er the ocean flings.

"Rich in the riches of a poet's years,
Steeped in all colors of man's destiny.
So, Tennyson, thy widening river nears
The misty main, and, taking now the sea,
Makes rich and warm with human smiles and tears
The ashen billows of Eternity."

This sonnet may fairly rank with the best of the author's many tributes to Tennyson, even with his noble sonnet upon the poet's eightieth birthday.

COMMUNICATIONS.

TENNYSON'S PLACE IN POETRY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The most notable attempt that I now recall to determine the place of a poet, is Matthew Arnold's essay on Wordsworth. Therein Wordsworth is put in the fifth place in the first rank of modern European poets, being surpassed only by "Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe," and that because of his "ample body of powerful work." We might dissent both from Arnold's rule and its application; however, for our present purpose it suffices to amend and re-state the law thus: The poet of the highest rank and the first place is the greatest soul expressing himself on the noblest themes with complete and distinctive art in the largest body of verse. Taking these four elements, personality, theme, technique, and quantity, let us briefly consider how they would determine Tennyson's place in poetry.

In the first place then, does Tennyson reveal himself as a soul of supreme beauty and force, as a man of the noblest character, brightest intellect, and most powerful emotions? I think not. He is a very superior man, a genius even, yet he has not the consummate insight and fervid creativeness of the great masters. Partly because of innate lack of feeling, partly by reason of a seemingly proud reserve, partly by reason of over-reflectiveness and conservativeness, emotion does not flow so fully, freely, and forcibly as to stimulate a complete poetic expression of himself, of his nation, or of his time. However, Tennyson undoubtedly possessed power which remained latent for want of occasion and stimulus. A war for English independence would have stirred him to vastly higher expression than he actually attained. But as it is we cannot esteem him a genius of the first order. The clear, fearless intensity of Dante is not his, nor the profound and transcendent scope of Shakespeare or Goethe, nor yet the force of such minds of the second order as Byron and Shelley. Literature is first and foremost the revelation of the man, the expression of individuality; but herein Tennyson plainly fails of the highest rank.

Again, does Tennyson's choice and general conception of theme give him a very high place as poet? "In Memoriam," perhaps the most significant of his works, is the fragmentary diary of a private grief. Through the mist of his tears he sees Nature and Man transfigured, and he expresses this in a succession of little poems, slight, subtle, and reflectively poetic. If Tennyson had treated this theme in a truly large and continuous fashion, it might have been the noblest of English elegiacs. In general, Tennyson is too cold and thoughtful, too reserved and constrained, to give pure lyric force to a complete long poem. Here and there we come upon a snatch of true and perfect song, but for the most part we find only objective art-work on set themes. Not the individual, however, but humanity, is the highest theme of the poet, and great world-poems like the *Inferno*, like Hamlet and Faust, have their universal value and interest by treating this theme with sublime power and insight. Such poems are the mature products wrought out in a lifetime of spiritual endeavor by earnest and mighty souls. It is plain that Tennyson's place is not with these. If in lyric art he but infrequently rises above second rate, in dramatic and epic—the higher arts—he as rarely rises above third rate. The graceful, elegant archaism of the "Idylls" is most pleasing; but here, as elsewhere, the late Laureate is more translator and interpreter than creator. He constantly reverts to a romanticism and classicism. Tennyson turns and returns to the past, where his ideals are; and so his art does not reach a full, vigorous, original life. Tennyson is not the expression of his age; he is not the apostle of modernity. Our industrial, democratic, scientific civilization finds little sympathy in him. No great theme came to him, and he made none, and so he achieves no complete masterpiece of creative art, lyric, epic, or dramatic.

A single word will suffice on the points of technique and quantity. As artistic versifier Tennyson is acknowledged to be peerless, and we grant him this, but we cannot grant that this of itself offsets inferiority elsewhere, and places him at once in the first rank of poets. Further, I believe no one can claim that the highest skill can atone for serious defects in personality and creative power. As to mere bulk of production, Tennyson is somewhat above the average.

On the whole, then, my impression is that Tennyson, taken for individuality, theme, quality, and quantity, ranks neither with the five supreme poets—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe,—nor yet with the poets of second rank, about a score—Chaucer, Spenser, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Molière, Béranger, Hugo, Schiller, Heine, Ariosto, Tasso, Camoëns, Calderon,—but his place is among the first of a third order, with such unlike poets as Pope, Dryden, Cowper, Scott, and Keats. In short, Tennyson is a most brilliant virtuoso, but not a great creative poet.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

Lake Forest University, Jan. 20, 1893.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE'S THEORY OF THE UNITY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is a somewhat graceless task to express even a qualified dissent from your reviewer's free and generous appreciation of the new "History of Early English Literature" by Mr. Stopford Brooke. Mr. Brooke's rhetoric is always so confident and so winning that the critical sense is easily lulled into acquiescence. But

whatever Mr. Brooke has to say on the subject of English literature is sure of such wide attention that it seems all the more important that we should state our doubts in regard to his conclusions, if doubts can be reasonably entertained. With Mr. Brooke's curiously dexterous method of manipulation, with his somewhat wayward and highly inventive manner of interpretation, I am not here concerned. But the main thesis of his book, the stringent thesis of "the essential unity of English literature," involves such important and interesting questions, that pending its final solution, if final solution it will ever have, we may well subject it to the freest criticism.

The question is one beset with many difficulties. Literature, and especially any particular national literature, is doubtless an organic growth, and race and environment are fundamental determinant factors in the process of literary evolution. But are there not others also, and are there not others perhaps of even greater importance? The course of the development of English literature, to borrow an apt illustration from one of the new teachers in English, is like the course of the Mississippi river. The formal source is with the Anglo-Saxons, but the tributaries have perhaps contributed more than the main stream. The classical sources in this view are the Missouri of this stream. Perhaps, however, the stream-gauges in use by differing critics are of different standards!

In this work, it may be admitted, Mr. Brooke sums up and presents in fine literary form what are the prevailing tendencies of English and German academic thought in recent years on the question, although the gist of his theory does not seem to be essentially different from M. Taine's theory of the race and the *milieu*. We derive our ideas of history nowadays from Mr. Freeman and from the Germans. But there are still some of us old-fashioned enough—or new-fashioned, as it may appear—to believe that the final generalization on this subject has not yet been uttered. The influence of race is indeed fundamental, but ideas do not always and altogether travel by lines of heredity and of environment,—of which statement the history of the spread of Christianity affords sufficient illustration. Moreover, as Mr. Brooke himself reminds us, the English people is composite; the main stream of the race is fed by many tributaries. It is composite in only a less degree than is the American people,—whose composite character we are beginning to realize anew after reading Mr. Douglas Campbell's remarkable book.

Some day perhaps we shall return to the belief that the history of literature is quite as nearly allied to the history of philosophy, the history of ideas and of idealisms, as it is to the history of race and the history of politics, and that it is far more nearly concerned with the former than with the latter. This is a belief not much in favor just at present, and it is but weakly defended. Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. Saintsbury, and some others, who have been scornfully judged to speak more by faith than by reason, alone have dared to maintain that the essential ideas, the essential impulse, and the essential forms of the great masterpieces in the great periods of English literature find their sources to a larger extent after all in the Greek and Latin literatures, if not in the French and Italian literatures, than they do in the Anglo-Saxon. And perhaps the contributions of the other and predominant school of critics, valuable and important as they are, in the end will not be thought completely to overthrow this doctrine.

F. I. CARPENTER.

Chicago, Jan. 20, 1893.

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS, "AUTOGRAPH FIENDS," AND "AUTOGRAPH CONFIDENCE MEN."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

All respectable autograph collectors who peruse THE DIAL (and let us hope there are many) will heartily approve of your comments upon the article appearing in the January issue of "The Cosmopolitan," entitled "Confessions of an Autograph Hunter." (Vide page 7, THE DIAL for January 1.) Autograph collecting, legitimately pursued, is a favorite pastime among people of literary tastes, and it is exceedingly regrettable that articles such as the "Confessions of an Autograph Hunter" should, from time to time, appear in print, to bring this edifying pastime into popular disrepute.

Among legitimate collectors the term "autograph fiend" is recognized and used to describe one who, in his persistent quest of autographs, to use the words of Mr. Grant Allen, "pesters busy men with a stamped envelope and a request that they will write their names, parrot-like, six times over, on a piece of paper, for him to exchange with other equally feeble and futile collectors." Usually he is a boy, whose aim is to possess a collection of great size, or to make his gathered autographs articles of merchandise; and he computes the value of his collection by the number of signatures it contains, not by the historic or literary interest of autograph letters included in it. The distinguishing marks of the legitimate collector, however, are his resort to respectable autograph dealers to secure what he desires; his appreciation of letters that are of historic or literary interest; and his avoidance of all unscrupulous methods and all annoyance of other men. His collection will be valuable to the extent that it will be of interest to others besides himself,—often of public, historical interest. A long list might be given here of honored names of men who are legitimate autograph collectors, to whom the publication of such an article as "The Confessions of an Autograph Hunter" must be a serious annoyance. It was to "autograph fiends" that Horace Greeley referred as the "mosquitoes of literature." He never had cause to speak thus of legitimate collectors.

In May, 1889, an article was published in a leading magazine of this country which gave rise to a new term in the vocabulary of autograph collectors,—"autograph confidence-man." It was applied to the writer of that article, who therein described how he had applied the methods of the confidence-man to his quest of autographs; and it might with greater justice be applied to the writer of "The Confessions of an Autograph Hunter." Now it is curious to note that the collection described by the more recent "confessor" (though a very impenitent confessor he appears to be) was begun shortly after the former article appeared. May it not have been that the author of the "Confessions" received his instructions in the autograph confidence-game from reading the article of May, 1889? If so, what better illustration would be needed of the harm likely to be occasioned by the publication of the more recent description of unscrupulous methods by which autographs have been secured? Still greater, however, is the harm likely to ensue to the legitimate pursuit of autographs, the popular mind being already disposed to confuse the "autograph fiend" and the "autograph confidence man" with the reputable collector.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 19, 1893.

A. H. N.

The New Books.

MEMORIALS OF MOLTKE.*

"Moltke: His Life and Character," is a collection of biographical data compiled with a view of enabling the reader to form for himself a fair general notion of the late Field-Marshal's career and personality. The contents of the volume are sufficiently various. There is a short Family History, a Memoir by the elder Moltke, a very condensed Autobiography contributed by the Count in 1866 to a German magazine, a brief novel written by him at twenty-eight, journals of foreign travel, early records, etc. With these more direct autobiographical notices have been effectively incorporated the comments upon Moltke's character and achievements by those whose duty it was to criticise or report upon them, beginning with the final certificate of proficiency of the young cadet, and ending with the testimonies of royal approbation showered upon the hero of the Austrian and the French wars. Where documentary evidence failed, the knowledge of those who were the Count's companions has been drawn upon; and the charming sketch "Marie Moltke," and the description of the "Retirement at Creisau," the calm cheerful evening of the old man's life, form, perhaps, the most readable portions of the work. There is also a table of memorable dates in Moltke's military career, a number of letters, some in fac-simile, from the Imperial family, a description of the festivities on his ninetieth birthday, and a touching account of his last day, by his nephew, Major v. Moltke.

Descended from an old Mecklenburg family and the son of a general in the Danish service, Count Moltke was born in Mecklenburg, October 26, 1800, and grew up in Holstein, where his father had bought an estate. At the age of eleven he entered the Landkadetten Academy at Copenhagen, where, as he tells us, the discipline was harsh and he underwent many privations. After leaving the Academy, in 1819, Moltke served until 1822 in the Royal Danish Oldenburg Infantry Regiment, when, desiring to enter the Prussian service, he obtained an honorable discharge from the King of Denmark, and flattering testimonials to his ability and character from his superiors. The following extract from his discharge, given by

his commander, the Duke of Holstein-Beck, is of interest:

"During the whole of his service I have had the opportunity of observing his excellent qualities. His conduct has been blameless, his ardent and persevering devotion to the service has been quite what is to be expected from a young and aspiring officer. . . . Though I am unwilling to lose this young man from my regiment, I am nevertheless quite ready to give him this well-deserved and impartial certificate, if it can promote his advancement."

Added to this formal voucher were a few lines addressed to the young officer personally:

"In sending you, my dear Moltke, the copy of his Majesty's order, asked for in your letter of request, I regret at the same time to lose in you an officer of whom I had great expectations. I shall always take a warm interest in you, and shall be very much pleased to hear that the change that you have in view has had the happiest consequences."

On March 12, 1822, Moltke received his commission as youngest second lieutenant in the Prussian 8th Infantry Regiment, thus entering upon a career which, so far as human foresight could reach, offered little chance of high preferment. But in the young lieutenant the Fates had no ordinary man to reckon with. He obtained, or rather forced, the esteem, first of his superior officers, and then, when his performances rose from excellence to relative perfection, of his Sovereign also. Prussia's kings have usually displayed an enlightened self-interest; and it is observed, not without justice, that in their wisdom in choosing the right men for the right places, lies the chief secret of the success of the Hohenzollerns and of the people committed to their care.

Moltke's promotion under his first and his second sovereigns, Frederick William III. and Frederick William IV., was slow, but it was sure. In 1840 we find him appointed to the General Staff of the 4th Army Corps, commanded by the King's brother, Prince Charles, and thus brought into touch with the royal family and court. In 1845 he was aide-de-camp to Prince Henry in Rome, and in 1855 was made senior aide-de-camp to the heir to the throne, Prince Frederick William. At what time his third sovereign, the Emperor William, came into close contact with him is not precisely known. That the penetrating eye of this prince early noted a talent that in later years was to aid so signally in achieving for the Fatherland the most astonishing and unbroken series of victories ever won by one great military nation over another, is evident in the following story furnished by the Countess Maxa Oriolla, *née* von Arnim.

*MOLTKE: His Life and Character. Sketched in journals, memoirs, a novel, and autobiographical notes. Translated by Mary Herms. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"One evening, soon after the war of 1870-71, I was chatting gayly with the Field-Marshal about old times, when the Emperor William came up to me and asked: 'What important matter have you to settle with the Field-Marshal?' 'We were talking of our early years and of our merry pranks in that time,' I replied, when his Majesty said: 'And do you know that it was myself who invented Moltke?' I said, 'Yes, but how is that possible?' The Emperor: 'Moltke was a simple young officer, of whom nothing was known, when some plans of fortresses and other work done by some young officers were submitted to me. I was struck by one of the plans, done by a young man of the name of v. Moltke, and I said to my Generals: 'I wish you to keep an eye on this young officer, who is as thin as a pencil, his work is excellent; he may turn out something great.' Well, don't you see that I invented him?' Strange to say, the Field-Marshal seemed to notice that the Emperor was speaking to me about him. He had also heard his name mentioned, and showed some curiosity, so that he asked me: 'What did the Emperor speak to you about with so much interest?' I laughed and said: 'It was something of great interest that he confided to me, the fact that he discovered you from some of your first work, which had been submitted to him.' The Field-Marshal smiled, but was silent."

It was not till his sixty-sixth year, when the Austrian war broke out, that Moltke had the opportunity of displaying his ability in an active campaign. Touching the issue of this struggle, so momentous for Prussia and for the whole of Germany, the Field-Marshal observes:

"Next to the will of God and the valor of the troops and their leaders, there were two factors in the situation which decisively affected the termination of the war; these were the original distribution of our forces over the different seats of the war, and the massing of troops on the battle-field."

Moltke's system, as is well known, consisted chiefly in making the different army corps advance separately and operate simultaneously in grappling with the enemy; but in reckoning the merits of the system and its amazing results in the wars of 1866 and of 1870, account must be made of the singular qualities of the man who carried it out. A scheme of operations generally expressible in a dozen words may imply in its execution the mental grasp of a network of logical relations and a capacity for patient elaboration of detail, beyond the scope of anything short of genius. It has, indeed, been held by some (usually in themselves the best refutation of their theory, for we are apt to over-value the merit we are conscious of possessing), that genius and industry are identical; and certainly in men like Moltke it is difficult to say where the fruits of natural ability begin and those of diligence end. Gifted with an insatiate appetite for work, the period of his youth and his middle age was an unbroken course of preparation for the great tasks

of his declining years. Regarding his plan of operations in 1866, Count Moltke wrote:

"A bold step was taken at the outset, when all the nine Army Corps were moved toward the centre of the kingdom, and the Rhine province left to the protection of an improvised army—consisting of the 13th Division, and the troops that had been spared from the Federal fortifications and the Elbe duchies—but the effect was decisive. The transport of 285,000 men was, in the short time available, only made possible by using all the railway lines, but these terminate at Zeitz, Halle, Herzberg, Görlitz, and Freyburg on the frontier of the country. Hence the echelons that arrived there first had to wait for the arrival of the last to form a corps for themselves. Many a military man of calm judgment may have been startled at the dispersion of the forces over a line of fifty (German) miles, if he took for the strategic disposition what was only an unavoidable preparation for it. But the single corps were at once marched together to form three great bodies. . . . It was the opinion of some eminent men that, in a fight of Germans against Germans, Prussia ought not to be the first to fire at the enemy. However, the king and his counsellors knew well that any further delay would mean danger to the state. Austria had taken the initiative in armament. Prussia began the action, and in consequence was during the whole war in a position to dictate terms to the enemy. If the crossing of the frontier had been delayed for a fortnight, we should very likely to-day have had to look for the battle-fields of this war on the map of Silesia. A few marches were sufficient to collect the two principal armies on the line of Bautzen-Glatz on the Bohemian frontier, but the intended junction could only be effected by pushing the enemy back, and this could only be done by fighting. . . . Ten days sufficed to force the Austrians to a decisive battle. On the morning of that day the forces on our side stood in a front of four miles; in this extension it was necessary to avoid being attacked. Our taking the offensive had the result of so uniting all the corps on the battle-field that the strategic disadvantage of a separation was turned into the tactical advantage of completely surrounding the enemy."

The chapter headed "Retirement at Creisau" affords suggestive glimpses of Moltke's private life. In 1848 he wrote to his brother Adolph, "My favorite thought is still, that by and by we may have a family gathering on an estate—I should prefer one in our dear German land"; and after the campaign of 1866 the gratitude of the king and the people enabled him to purchase the estate of Creisau in Silesia. He at once showed his readiness to aid the little community about him. One of his first acts of proprietorship was to build a school for the Creisau children, giving the land for the purpose, and fixing a sum, the interest of which was to be the master's salary. For the benefit of the children he founded a savings-bank:

"For every child entering the school, he provided a savings-bank book, in which he entered one mark (a shilling) for a beginning, after that the child received

the book to pay in half-pennies or pennies as he saved them. Every time that a mark was made up, the General added another one himself. The book was given to the children at the time of their confirmation, either to draw the amount, or to keep for a time of need."

At the same time the General started a free-school library, constantly adding books himself, and allowing the children free use of it, so that during the long winter evenings they might read to their parents. Later on he built an infant school, and also contributed to the building of a church spire at Gräditz, giving the parish the material for casting a bell, for which purpose the king allowed him to use some French cannon that had been captured during the war.

Of Moltke's simplicity of character and contempt for the tenets and observances of the "Dandiacal Body," several pleasing incidents are given. He never possessed more than two suits of clothing, and always wore these as long as possible. In 1891 he boasted of wearing a summer overcoat which he had had made when he went to England with the Crown Prince in 1857, and which he pronounced to be "still as good as new." Nor did he ever forget to remark of this perennial garment that it had a silk lining—a luxury which he never allowed himself afterwards. When he set out for a visit, even one that was to last several days, and was obliged to take evening dress with him in view of an impending dinner or other social formality, he would travel in his dress coat and wear it for days together, at the imminent peril of catching cold.

"On one of these occasions the experiment was made of providing him with a little handbag in which to carry his dress-coat, but it failed so signally that it was never repeated. After resisting sometime he had allowed the piece of luggage to be placed on the back seat of the carriage in which he drove to visit a nephew for a day. He intended to attend the meeting of the Order of St. John, at Breslau. Arrived at S—— he took out his dress-coat and hung it on a peg. The next morning he conscientiously packed his ordinary coat into the bag, which he took with him, but forgetting to put on the dress-coat, he simply put on his overcoat, and so drove to Breslau. He did not notice what he had done till a servant helped him to take off his overcoat in the ante-room, when he suddenly discovered to his dismay that what remained after the removal of the outer wrap of his apparel was not quite suitable for a drawing room."

A notable trait in the Field-Marshal's character was his nice regard for the feelings and the comfort of others, especially of his social inferiors. Just as he always dismissed his footman when the tea things were cleared away, so he never overlooked his coachman, prefer-

ring, in especially bad weather, to walk rather than order the carriage. "In weather like this," he used to say, "one really should not have the coachman or the horses out." He did not like to sit with his back to horses, but would never allow anyone else to do so in order to make room for him; so when visitors came to Creisau he used to cut the Gordian knot of the seat problem by placing himself on the box beside the driver—much to the embarrassment of the guests who anxiously watched him on his uncomfortable perch. One of these occasions will never be forgotten by those concerned:

"Wishing once to confer a special favor on a newly married officer, he took him for a drive with his bride, and this time, before anyone could stop him, clambered up to the box. The young couple, in spite of their appealing glances, were forced to take the back seat, and when the little party returned after an hour's ride the husband and wife were still sitting, stiff and uncomfortable, in the place of honor."

Whist formed the usual evening pastime at Creisau, and it was only on rare occasions that it was varied by a reception. Much as the Field-Marshal liked to gather round him his relatives and closer friends, he disliked formal gatherings, and the deferential awe with which strangers approached him made him feel nervous and constrained.

"When he felt quite too uncomfortable, he would secretly instruct his servant to order his guests' carriages, which were then suddenly announced at a surprisingly early hour. When the carriages were once at the door it meant the speedy break-up of the party."

Moltke was an assiduous reader, and his favorite books were those on philosophy and history. Next to learned works, he liked sound humor, enjoying especially the works of Dickens, and Gellert's poems, and during his last years he took great pleasure in the story of the Buchholz family. At the same time he had a profound feeling for the beauties of poetry, and there were moments when he displayed, to the fascination of all around him, the idealistic side of his nature, which, conjoined in his case with practical energy and the capacity of taking an objective view of life, stamped him as a German of the genuine type. In his poetical moods he would sometimes repeat whole scenes from his favorite "Faust":

"As he recited, pronouncing every syllable distinctly and with due emphasis, there was a peculiar and wonderful ring in his voice which went straight to the heart of the listeners, to whom the full force and poetic beauty of the passage was brought home by the impassioned delivery."

Although we find the Field-Marshal declar-

ing, at the age of forty-one, "At last one becomes sensible enough to throw overboard all enthusiasm as empty moonshine," he nevertheless continued, up to his ninetieth year, to employ much of his leisure in translating into German the poems of Thomas Moore. That these renderings were not without grace and feeling, the following specimen attests:

"Du Holde, du Reine, sei du wie die Taube,
Die schüchtern entflieht in des Waldgrundes Laube
Mit Flügeln, so rein und so weiss wie der Schnee,
Sich badet in dem krystallinen See.
Sein lichter Spiegel warnet sie dann,
Schwebte der drohende Falke heran
Und eh er die Beute zu fassen vermag,
Fliehet eilend sie unter das schirmende Dach.

O sei wie die Taube
Du Reine, du Holde, sei gleich dieser Taube."*

"Moltke, His Life and Character," provides the reader with the materials for forming for himself a clear and satisfactory portrait of the great Field-Marshal. The various sketches, journals, descriptive memoirs, documentary records, letters, etc., have been most judiciously gathered, and the publishers have given them an attractive setting. Mention should be made also of the illustrations. These are mostly *fac-similes* of Moltke's drawings, which, though of modest technical merit, are of considerable personal interest.

E. G. J.

* "Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove"; etc.
(St. Augustine to his Sister.)

FOUR NOTABLE ART BOOKS.*

English criticism of art at the present time has qualities which differentiate it sharply from that of other countries. It partakes of the nature of English painting in its faulty solemnity, following in its wake, accepting its formulas, attitudinizing before it in worshipful admiration. No revolution in its aims and methods, no inspiration for a wider outlook and a higher reach, could result from such subser-

* **MAN IN ART: Studies in Religious and Historical Art, Portrait, and Genre.** By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Illustrated with 45 plates. New York: Macmillan & Co.

DRAWING AND ENGRAVING: A Brief Exposition of Technical Principles and Practice. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co.

PREFERENCES IN ART, LIFE, AND LITERATURE. By Harry Quilter, M.A. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co.

PABLO DE SEGOVIA, THE SPANISH SHARPER. Translated from the original of Francisco de Quevedo-Villegas. Illustrated with 110 drawings by Daniel Vierge, together with comments on them by Joseph Pennell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

vience. And the function of the critic is to encourage original talent, to mark the path of progress, to measure the vitality in new movements and their power for good or evil, to sacrifice all personal friendships for the truth as he understands it, and for the glory of art. Such criticism is far more common in France than in her neighbor across the channel. In contrast with the heavy formality of the English critic, the Frenchman is alert, receptive, and sympathetic. His mind is hospitable to new ideas and influences; his work sparkles with wit and delicately veiled irony; it is warm from the heart, as well as from the head, and its faults of florid language and exaggerated enthusiasms grow out of these merits. In a word, the Frenchman has an instinctive feeling for art, which is quite unknown to his English rival. It gives his work sincerity; and though criticism should be interesting in order that it may be influential, it must be first of all sincere. Mr. Hamerton's work, which is typical of the best English art criticism of to-day, always excepting that of Mr. Walter Pater, is deficient in just this quality. In spite of his self-consciousness, or perhaps because of it, he reasons from without rather than from within; we feel that his training is a thing apart from himself, that his admiration is cold, and his condemnation the result of conviction born of custom and environment rather than of feeling. Like many of the English painters, he studies art too often from the literary standpoint, and judges an artist, as he judged Whistler, by standards antagonistic to the highest artistic production. Mr. Hamerton never attempts to take another point of view than his own, nor to appreciate the aims and merits of a painter whom he does not immediately understand. His is didactic criticism, rigid, formal, correct. It has an air of conscious forbearance and virtue, as who should say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark"! He covers much space with elaborate explanations of obvious things, and seriously considers subjects hardly worthy of attention. And yet his book, coming as it does from a man whose authority is conceded in England, is worthy of consideration as showing the national point of view.

"Man in Art" is a volume sumptuous enough to ornament any library. It is well printed on hand-made paper, and it is furnished with forty-six plates in line engraving, mezzotint, photogravure, hyalography, etching, and wood-engraving. These plates cover a wide

range of subjects from the carved "Head of an Egyptian King" to Rude's "Mercury," from Botticelli's "Virgin and Child" to a group of "Cossacks" by Caran D'Ache. They are one and all superbly reproduced, and Mr. Hamerton has invariably shown in its perfection the reproductive process which he employs. He intentionally varies these processes as much as possible in order to show the merits of each, and in every case credit is rightly given to the artist who interprets as well as to him who creates. Some of the drawings, like Alma Tadmara's delicate and beautiful "Study of a Girl" and the inimitable "Cossacks" by Caran D'Ache, are here given to the world for the first time, and these alone would give value to the book. The admirable etching by C. O. Murray after Schalken, with its sharp contrasts of light and shade, the sympathetic interpretation by Henri Manesse of the tenderness in Ghirlandajo's "Portraits," and the beautiful mezzotint by Hirst after Watts, are also interesting. Though the collection is rather heterogeneous, the individuality of each artist is vividly presented, and every plate is accompanied by a note which connects it in some measure with the text. The book itself is divided into six parts, under the general heads of "Culture," "Beauty," "Religious Art," "History and Revivals," "Portrait," and "Life Observed." Mr. Hamerton rambles on through these subjects easily and evenly, in his clear, straightforward style, which knows not, in spite of his assertions to the contrary, the value of contrast and climax. Mr. Hamerton's arguments are frequently unanswerable because they are axiomatic; and his statements are sometimes the result of study and knowledge. "There is hardly anything that man does which cannot be made a legitimate subject for art," he says on page 90; and yet, curiously enough, he qualifies this undeniable fact by finding a dearth of artistic material in manufacturing towns, which surely offer ample opportunities to the right man. And later in the book he wonders if the modern costume can ever find artistic expression, forgetting that the greatest artists can always conquer whimsicalities of costume and environment, and subordinate them to an artistic conception, as Velasquez and Rembrandt have done repeatedly, as Fortuny did in his "Spanish Lady," as Whistler did in his "Portrait of Carlyle," as St. Gaudens has done in his statue of Lincoln. One is inclined to quarrel, too, with his statement on page 19, that "mystery and sug-

gestion lay quite outside of Dürer's capacity," when the greatness of the "Melancholia" is due chiefly to the mystery and suggestion in the woman's face. Mr. Hamerton is at his best in his discussion of Historical Painting, in his admiration of Raphael and Rembrandt, in his chapters on "Art and Archaeology" and "The Analogy between Portrait and Landscape," and in his pleas for the imagination in art.

"Drawing and Engraving" is also signed by this indefatigable writer. It consists of the two articles on these subjects contributed by him to the ninth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, here slightly revised and enlarged, and embellished by many wood-cuts, line-engravings, and reproductions in héliogravure. Mr. Hamerton's style is always didactic, whether he intends it to be so or not; consequently it is better, more natural and severe, where his subject-matter is avowedly of that nature. These papers are chiefly for the instruction of amateurs; but they are valuable also to students, for Mr. Hamerton's information is correct and clearly set forth. His descriptions of the various processes in engraving are lucid, and under that head he includes wood-cutting, copper and steel plate-engraving, etching, mezzotint and various photographic reproductions. The text is well printed and supplemented by a most interesting and beautiful series of illustrations.

Another English art critic exhibits himself to the public in a large octavo volume,—"Preferences in Art, Life and Literature," by "Harry Quilter, M.A., Trin. Coll. Camb., of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law." It is hard to recognize Whistler's "Arry," one of the "enemies" whom the artist has remorselessly held up to ridicule, under this formidable array of honors, but his personality creeps out on many pages. Although his work is more sincere and far less pretentious than that of Mr. Hamerton, it is no less personal and self-conscious, and it partakes in certain places of his pomposity. Of what importance to the reader are the reasons which led these men to make their books, or their difficulties in finding the right name for a chapter, or their methods in constructing an article? Mr. Quilter's essays lack form and perspective, but that does not prevent many of them from being interesting. The chapters on Pre-Raphaelitism contain much that is new and instructive, and in these at least he seems to be emancipated from prejudice. He brushes aside all senti-

mental ideas in regard to the formation of the brotherhood, and gives a good, fair, cold presentment of the case. He sees too clearly the commercial motives of these enthusiasts; but as Hunt is the only one of them who remained true to the theories then enunciated, perhaps Mr. Quilter is not altogether wrong. His picture of Rossetti is vivid, and probably accurate as far as it goes, but it shows one the trivialities of his character, his shrewdness and his fits of temper, rather than the incomplete Titanic greatness of the man.

"He could not understand that other people should not do as he did, and if they did not, he was angry as frankly as a child would be. There was, it seems to me, much more of the Italian than the English nationality in him, and his moments of excitement, his fits of depression, his mad pranks, and madder suspicions, the nature of his intellect, his queer mixture of business capacity and utter childishness, his moral contradictions, were all such as are common enough in Italy, but rarely met with in our own country."

And later he writes of his pictures:

"Such as it is, the work has evidently grown from its author's character, like a flower from the earth, and bears scarcely a trace of another's influence. The hope of immortality lies in this fact. Copies die, but for originals, however imperfect, there is always a chance."

The character of Millais, too, is sharply drawn, and there is much to be learned from the contrast between his youth, poor, generous, and ambitious, and his age, rich, honored, and sadly content with narrowed power. Madox Brown and Holman Hunt alone of all the members of this school are given too much importance; and Burne-Jones's "queer, half-ascetic, half-voluptuous art" is skilfully described. Mr. Quilter includes in his volume several literary sketches, but though they are more graceful in style than the other essays, they contain nothing particularly notable. It is as an art critic that this writer must stand or fall; and in looking over the extracts from his Academy notes in "The Spectator" during twenty years, one wonders that in all that time he could have said so little worth remembering, and one is surprised to come upon his keen censure of Alma-Tadema and his appreciative criticism of Rodin. But he accepts Rodin not as an outgrowth of the French school but as a departure from it, and his essay called "Thoughts on French Art" is so inadequate and so antagonistic that its premises are false and its conclusions absurd. On the contrary, one of the best things in the book is the essay on Watts. He appreciates the largeness of aim in this painter's work, and characterizes it very happily with Stevenson's

words,—“erring and imperfect, but filled with a struggling radiance of better things, and adorned with ineffective qualities.” It is a little startling to find Watts admired as a colorist; but one can forget that, in the justice of the writer's other conclusions, and in the generosity of a judgment which finds even his failures beautiful, “for they are sincere work in a great cause, and over the weakest of them there lingers something of the glory and the dream.” The book is well printed and illustrated with many reproductions of drawings and paintings, which vary as greatly in merit as do different parts of the text.

The importance of the recent edition in English of Quevedo's novel, "Pablo de Segovia, the Spanish Sharper," lies not so much in the text as in the one hundred and ten drawings by Daniel Vierge which illustrate it. For these drawings introduce to the public a great original artist whose work is almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It would be pleasant to bestow praise alone upon this beautiful book in its rich vellum binding, but the introduction by Mr. Joseph Pennell is so aggressively forced upon one's attention that it cannot be slighted. It is written in bitterness of soul from the standpoint of the illustrator who sees his work neglected or patronized and himself ignored by an unfeeling public. And this in spite of the fact that Mr. Pennell's own drawings have given him success and fame. The reason of his resentment is not clear, but its existence is undeniable. The public, the writer, the publisher, and critics of both art and literature, all come in for a share of his asperity, and even the unoffending painters and sculptors are obliged to bow before the triumphal chariot of the illustrator. To give his own art its due importance it is not necessary to belittle all others; to exalt Vierge one need not disparage the draftsmanship of Dürer and Rembrandt and Vandyke. "Fewer people, probably"—writes Mr. Pennell, in a sentence which is an object-lesson in regard to the limitations of the artist in criticism,—“have seen Vierge's Quevedo since it has been published, than in a day sit and gape, and yawn in awe-struck ignorance before the Sistine Madonna; and yet the latter is as blatant a piece of shoddy commercialism as has ever been produced; the Quevedo is a pure work of art.” Such criticism as this tends to prejudice one against the object of its idolatry, and so defeats its own purpose. Notwithstanding Mr. Pennell's assertions to the contrary, the posi-

tion of the illustrator to-day is an enviable one. He reaches a much larger audience than the master of any other art, and his power for good is proportionately greater. And altogether, as his worldly success exceeds that of the painter and his fame is wider, complaints seem rather superfluous.

It is not strange that these drawings by Daniel Vierge, first published in Paris in 1882, should have immediately influenced the illustrative work of the time, so clever are they in characterization, so bold in the use of line, and so original in their dash and brilliancy. His technique is remarkable, never over-elaborate, never strained nor finical, and yet often suggesting a multiplicity of details with a few lines, or characterizing a scene with a dot and dash. He thoroughly understands the art of omission, leaving his paper white where it will conduce to the artistic effect and never adding an unnecessary line; but, with all deference to Mr. Pennell, Rembrandt, Whistler, and two or three others have also known something of this art. Vierge's architectural sketches, of which this book contains only a few, are exquisitely suggestive of the strange beauty of Spanish buildings,—suggestive rather than exact, and yet truer to the spirit of the place than any number of photographs. In the same way he shows the action in a crowded street with a few strokes of his pen, or the character of a fowl with a blot of India ink and half a dozen lines. Nothing could be more charming than the composition of the drawing on page 77, with its perspective of sunny roofs and the few trees so lightly and effectively touched in. The ruggedness of the mountain-side on page 103 is vivid to us through the same delicate means, and he can show leagues of distance in the slightest sketch. Freshness, vigor, and high spirits are visible in every one of these drawings; they exhibit a mind alert, observant, imaginative, quick to understand the value of contrasts, and keen enough to realize a situation from a descriptive sentence and to illumine it. His humor,—and this perhaps is his distinguishing quality,—is irresistible, touching and enlivening everything he does, playing mad pranks sometimes with his characters and holding them up to merciless ridicule. Occasionally its influence upon the drawings is grotesque, but as a rule it is fanciful, sparkling, and delightful. Mr. Pennell calls Vierge a realist; but he is too witty and too imaginative to be so classified, and his inimitable character drawing is on broader lines

than realism permits. Among American illustrators his rapid, suggestive style is most nearly approached by Mr. Pennell himself, to whom our thanks are due for introducing Vierge to the English-speaking public.

LUCY MONROE.

HEROINES OF THE ARMY.*

When Mrs. Custer first charmed her thousands of readers with the simple story of her life in the army, there were not lacking sympathetic souls who shuddered over the perils and privations whereof she wrote. Hers was the unvarnished tale of a loving wife's experiences while following the fortunes of her soldier husband during the decade succeeding the Civil War. Mrs. Viele in "Following the Drum," and Mrs. Carrington in "Absaraká, Home of the Crows," had published something of their impressions of army life, which for many a long year was as a sealed book to the women of America except such as had relatives or intimate friends wedded in the regulars and stationed in that indefinite geographical district known as The Plains. So far as perils are concerned, they were really greater after than before the war; and the fearful array of officers, soldiers, settlers and defenseless women butchered by Indians was far greater from '66 to '76 than previous to '61. This for the simple reason that in the old days the Indians had few if any firearms, and that after the war they obtained the finest repeating rifles in abundance, while the troops were supplied only with the regulation single-shooter. In point of perils encountered, therefore, the heroines of our frontier twenty years ago had little to yield to their sisters of the ante bellum days; but in point of actual privation and suffering, unexampled as they may have seemed to the readers of "Boots and Saddles" and "My Life on the Plains," our more modern instances must yield the palm to those related of the amazons of the '50s, for here comes the daughter of an officer of the old army, the devoted wife of another, the mother of two devoted wives of cavalry captains of to-day, and her story of danger and privation, unflinchingly met, is one that American women ought to read and be prouder than ever of their queendom. "I Married a Soldier" is the expressive title of Mrs. Lane's straightforward

*I MARRIED A SOLDIER; or, Old Days in the Old Army. By Lydia Spencer Lane. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

story; and, soldier though he was,—a daring Kentuckian who enlisted in '46 and fought his way up through every grade until he won his commission,—the reader is well justified in the conclusion that the wife was every whit as good a soldier as he, the dashing lieutenant who wooed and won her in '54, the veteran colonel of the retired list to-day.

Think of it! Long before railways were dreamed of or wagon roads anything more than trails, she journeyed all over Texas, New Mexico, and The Plains. Four times between 1854 and 1861 she was trundled by ox-team or mule-team the long weary way between the Missouri and the Rockies. Eight weeks' steady travel it took her to reach her Pennsylvania home from their adobe shelter on the Rio Grande. Months she dwelt and reared her little ones in the open field, with only the flimsy canvas of her tent to shield them from furious storm and biting "norther." Often was she her own cook and nursemaid, sometimes her own laundress. Once, lost at nightfall miles from home, she sought and found shelter under the roof of a band of outlaws. Twice she was drowned out in New Mexico: once, when the heavens descended, and the roofs of her shelter with them; once, when the floods arose, and "wading knee deep" about her room she rescued her treasures from destruction. Once, in mid-ocean as it were, half-way on that vast rolling sea of treeless prairie stretching from Leavenworth to Denver, she was bereft of almost every earthly possession,—tent, wagon, camp beds and bedding,—and only saved from death in the flames by an instant rush to the river, "carrying one child and leading the other"; then journeying days thereafter in a freight wagon in which there was no room to recline, so that she and her babies slept with the earth for their bed and ate with the ground for a table, while the husband and father, hundreds of miles to the west, was battling to save the remnant of the government troops and property from the triumphant rush of armed rebellion up the valley of the Rio Grande. Once, when left alone at a defenseless post, threatened by instant attack from Texan rangers, while the garrison, all but a sergeant's guard, was sent, by the orders of traitors to the flag, long marches away after imaginary Indians, she became sole custodian of the government funds, and, *de facto* if not *de jure*, the commanding officer of the post,—for the sergeant reported every day for orders to his absent captain's plucky wife. Often she lived

month after month, contentedly, uncomplainingly, on soldier rations, without either milk, eggs, butter, or vegetables. Often was she ordered from pillar to post without the faintest warning; sometimes she was deprived, through long winters, of feminine companionship or sympathy, when stationed at "one-company camps" along a dangerous road,—sometimes isolated from the rest of the world, from which they heard just exactly once a month, no oftener. Secession was an old story; Bull Run had been fought and lost before they realized that war was upon them and they themselves might at any moment be besieged. It is a story that from beginning to end will prove a revelation to every reader hitherto unacquainted with "old days in the old army" of the frontier.

In the narratives of these two typical heroines of our army there will be noted a certain difference—an intangible, illusive something which no one can fail to see, which the lay reader cannot explain, but which maids and matrons schooled in garrison life recognize and understand at a glance. Mrs. Custer saw and heard as the commanding officer's wife, the leader of the regimental social circle, the uncrowned queen of a large garrison, the woman who, more than any other within their guarded gates, gives the tone to garrison life and sayings and doings. Her pages breathe the very essence of exquisite womanliness, of a charity that covered a multitude of sins, cloaked every frailty, stifled every spiteful tale, and strangled scandal at its birth. Her husband's rank lifted her above the manifold little trials and heart-burnings in which less fortunate sisters were sometimes involved. It is one thing to be the object of the chivalric devotion of a regiment of gallant officers and men, and of the trust and affection of its circle of women; it is quite another to begin one's army life as the help-mate of a junior lieutenant, with one room and a kitchen for quarters, a hundred dollars per month for all pay and allowances, and not a few slights to submit to—little *desagrégemens* which with concomitant tiffs and squabbles were frequent enough in the old days, though I am frequently informed they exist not in the new. One does not have to read between the lines to see that Mrs. Lane probably had her share of vexations, yet she too draws the veil of kindness and charity. Once in a while, however, some charming bit of femininity crops out. She is so pleased because Hancock, famous and a major-general, should instantly

recognize and warmly greet the friend he knew ten years before when they were roughing it on the far frontier. She is righteously indignant, though she will not say so, at another, nowhere near so famous, but still a wearer of a general's star, who forgets the whilom companions of his exile. She used to bake biscuits every evening after the long toilsome march of the day, and two officers regularly came and were fed till they were filled. One never forgot it; the other, a magnate of the War Department long after, tells her he "remembered the march, but not the biscuit." Mrs. Lane might well be pardoned for saying very much; but she says very little, and yet how effectually does it dispose of the ingrate: "He is dead now, poor man!"

Let those who have seen with Mrs. Custer's clear, indulgent eyes, and looked on army life, as it were, "from the throne," turn now to Mrs. Lane, and learn through her frank, honest recital of the trials and privations and hardships of those to whom we sang at Benny Havens'—

"To the Ladies of the Army our cups shall ever flow,
Companions of our exile and our shield 'gainst every woe."

They who read will realize what it involved to say "I married a soldier" in those old days, and what it cost through the slow upward climb to reach at last the refuge of the retired list, beginning almost "from the ranks."

CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

WILLIAM COWPER.*

It will be ninety-three years next April since William Cowper, poet, died in the sixth-ninth year of his age. The best accounts of his life thus far accessible have been Southey's (1835); Bruce's in the Aldine edition of "Poems" (1869); Benham's in the Globe edition (1870); and Goldwin Smith's monograph in the "English Men of Letters" series (1880). None of these biographers except Southey lay any claim to exhaustiveness, and a great many new facts and much new material have come to light since Southey wrote. After nearly one hundred years, and bit by bit, practically the whole of Cowper's story has been laid bare, and the result is the new "Life of William Cowper" by Mr. Thomas Wright, which may be truly called "exhaustive"; in fact, if any fault is to be found with this large, handsome, copiously illustrated volume of nearly seven

hundred pages, it is that it contains not only all that we can care to know about the poet, but even some things that seem scarcely worth knowing. The author is Principal of Cowper School at Olney, and he has embodied in his work not only the various discoveries of his predecessors, but also a large number of new facts of which previous biographers have been ignorant. He has consulted unpublished letters in the British Museum and in the hands of private persons, has read in manuscript the "Diary" and "Life" of Samuel Teedon, the self-opionated and infatuated Olney schoolmaster who held such a strange and powerful sway over the poet's later years; has consulted the parish registers of Olney, and the ledger and day-book of Cowper's physician, and besides these every other source that seemed at all likely to lead to fresh information.

Like all previous biographers, Mr. Wright is greatly interested in finding some explanation of Cowper's insanity, which manifested itself with greater or less force at some half-dozen times in the course of his life. Some have attributed it to the excitement of the great Religious Revival of that time; some have laid it definitely to the ghostly ministrations and counsel of his friend the Rev. John Newton; some have ascribed it to the death of Cowper's only brother John; some to the miasmatic conditions of his residence at Olney. The special form of his delusion was always the same: that the God that made him had doomed him to everlasting torment, that God even regretted that He had given him existence. Mr. Wright thinks he has discovered the origin of this delusion. Cowper's belief that he was damned was due to a dream which he had at the end of February, 1773. This he calls "the central incident of the poet's life," "the most pregnant moment of his existence," and wonders that it should have been entirely overlooked by previous biographers. Allusions to it are to be found in some of Cowper's letters as a Terrible Dream in which "a Word" was spoken, but what was the dream or what the "word" he does not say. Mr. Wright thinks it must have been "Actum est de te, periisti" (It is all over with thee, thou hast perished), or something of similar import, since this was the thought ever uppermost in Cowper's mind.

In our opinion, Mr. Wright lays considerably more stress on this "Fatal Dream" theory than the facts will justify. It is true that he grants that the dream is only a specific instance of an habitual morbid frame of mind, and that

* THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER. By Thomas Wright. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

it was merely an *effect* of which inherited melancholia was the *cause*. But, even so, the emphasis seems too great when we consider that from the period of his early manhood Cowper had always had a fatal propensity for hearing supernatural voices; that he was now forty-two years old, and this was the *third* period of mental disturbance he had suffered, and that this "central incident" could at most apply only to the later twenty-seven years; and that the allusions to it by Cowper himself are by no means so definite or so numerous as we should expect had it been of the paramount importance ascribed to it by Mr. Wright. Far more significant, and more entitled to the claim of being an original contribution to the discussion by the present biographer, would have been the grouping of all circumstances tending to throw light on the *cause* of the insanity. Mr. Wright is the first of the biographers to ascribe this to "inherited melancholia." We think he is entirely correct in his diagnosis, and that no little evidence in that direction is offered by himself in the items of family history scattered throughout the volume. Had he taken the same pains to mass these together and to fix attention upon them as he has upon the dream, it would have been more to the purpose.

In every instance, Cowper's mental derangements were provoked by such slight matters that they are explainable only on the theory of a predisposition in that direction. A tendency to *loneness of spirits* was observable throughout the family; in William's case, it manifested itself when he was barely twelve years old, in the shape of a hallucination that he was consumptive and consequently fated to an early death. John, his younger brother, went through life oppressed by a superstitious belief in the fortune-telling of a gypsy tinker, who had read the lines of his hand when a boy. He lived to become a Fellow of Benet College, Cambridge, and was so able a man that in his death, at the age of thirty-three, the university was said to have lost its best classic and most liberal thinker. Yet he suffered periods of dejection that were but too surely indications of the same constitutional malady which so often embittered the existence of his brother. After the age of thirty, he lived in constant expectation of a speedy death, because after thirty the gypsy had declared that "his fate became obscure, and the lines of his hand showed no more prognostics of futurity".

Many of these facts are new, and taken

together they form a body of testimony in favor of the theory of inherited melancholia of precisely the kind that would be most valued by a modern alienist. Perhaps it would also be thought worthy of mention in this connection, as an indication of a lack of physical vitality in the family, that William and John were the only children that lived to maturity, six older ones having been born only to die in infancy.

Naturally, to most readers the most interesting portion of the "Life" will be the story of the period of Cowper's poetical production. It did not begin until he was fifty years old, and lasted only about ten years. No new poems have been brought to light, but numerous interesting circumstances relating to the composition of the old favorites are revealed. Long before this time, Cowper's friends must have settled down to the conviction that he was a failure. He had not succeeded in the profession of law, for which his study had prepared him; his frequent derangements unfitted him for all callings; that he could ever make any mark in the world seemed extremely improbable; nearly all his life, he had been partially dependent upon the bounty of relatives. But, as Mr. Wright remarks —

"If we had no so-called failures in life, we should have few great poets. The poet's loss is our gain. Had Cowper led a busy, industrious life, had his career been what the world calls a successful one, we should have had no 'Task,' and very little of any other of his work that we now so much value."

As a schoolboy and youth, Cowper had written poems to his friends and sweethearts which are little, if any, superior to similar compositions by other schoolboys. His first poem for publication was written at the age of fifty and was inspired by indignation against a certain work in defence of polygamy. It was rather a poor effort, but won the praise of his nearest friends, Mrs. Unwin and Mr. Newton, and was the means of inciting him to further use of his pen. He who, for want of a better occupation, had mended kitchen windows, drawn mountains and dabbicks, and grown cantaloupes, found from that day forward that he had enough to do. His first volume was about fourteen months in hand. He took great pains with his poems, and made no secret of the fact. "To touch and retouch," he says, "is, though some writers boast of negligence and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse. I am never weary

of it myself." Even "John Gilpin" cost him more labor than we have been led to believe from former accounts, which have represented the famous ballad as having been commenced and finished in a night. It is true that the story told to him one evening of the citizen of "famous London town" made so vivid an impression on him that he could not sleep, but sprang from his bed to set down on paper the rhymes that came to him, bringing down to Mrs. Unwin in the morning the crude outline of "John Gilpin." But we learn now that—

"All that day and for several days he secluded himself in the greenhouse and went on with the task of polishing and improving what he had written. As he filled his slips of paper, he sent them across the Market-place to Mr. Wilson, to the great delight and merriment of that jocular barber, who on several other occasions had been favored with the first sight of some of Cowper's smaller poems."

Cowper has spoken of this barber in one of his letters as "one of the persons of best intelligence in Olney."

The story of the origin of Cowper's longest poem, "The Task," has been told again and again, and there is little more to add to it. As Cowper himself confessed of this poem, begun at the instance of his new friend Lady Austen, it was not long before he was "forced to neglect the 'Task' to attend upon the muse who had inspired the subject." Concerning the fact of the subsequent rupture of their friendly relations, nearly every biographer has had his own interpretation. This is Mr. Wright's:

"The fact now began to dawn upon his mind that Lady Austen was in love with him. The only wonder is that he did not perceive it before. Nobody can blame her for losing her heart to the poet. She saw only the bright and cheerful side of his character, and knew little or nothing of the canker of despair that gnawed continually at his heart. . . . As soon as Cowper discovered in what light Lady Austen regarded him, he perceived that matters could no longer go on as they were. The thought of love—anything more than a brotherly and sisterly love—had never entered his mind, for since his last dreadful derangement he had given up all thoughts of marriage (it should be remembered, too, that he was in his fifty-fourth year), and seeing himself called on to renounce either one lady or the other, he felt it to be his bounden duty to cling to Mrs. Unwin, to whose kindness he had been indebted for so many years.

"It has been said by some that Mrs. Unwin was jealous of Lady Austen. Very likely she was. When we consider how tenderly and patiently she had watched over Cowper in his dark and dreadful hours, how for so many years she had shared his joys and sorrows and delighted in his companionship, we need not wonder if some feeling akin to jealousy stirred her when she perceived the danger of her place being taken by one who, though more brilliant, could not possibly love him more.

"But Mrs. Unwin had no need to fear. Cowper's affection for her, his knowledge of her worth, his gratitude for past services, would not allow him to hesitate. He had hoped that it would be possible to enjoy the friendship of both ladies; but when he discovered that it would be necessary to decide between one and the other, he bowed to the painful necessity and wrote Lady Austen 'a very tender yet resolute letter, in which he explained and lamented the circumstances that forced him to renounce her society.' She in anger burnt the letter, and henceforth there was no more communication between them."

In sad contrast to these ten active years of poetical composition and of cheerful companionship with friends new and old were the ten which followed. Mrs. Unwin had a paralytic stroke, her health rapidly declined, and she sank at length into a state of second childishness. As mind and body became more debilitated, her disposition underwent a total change. From being Cowper's gentle companion and watchful friend she became selfish, peevish, exacting. The worse she grew, however, the brighter burned Cowper's affection for her, and it was while in this pitiable state that he wrote those exquisite stanzas "To Mary" which are known and loved by numbers of persons who are indifferent to the "Task" or the translation of Homer.

The story of these later years has never before been so fully told, and it is one of the saddest in all literary history. Cowper firmly believed that good and evil spirits haunted his couch every night, and that the latter had the mastery. He had always kept up a diligent and brilliant correspondence with numerous friends; the few letters that he now wrote breathe little besides infinite despair. Mrs. Unwin's death occurred more than three years before his own, but his gloom could not be made deeper. His last poem was that most forlorn and touching one to all who know Cowper's history, entitled "The Castaway."

As a whole, Mr. Wright's book succeeds in presenting what has before been lacking—a complete picture of the man, with his strangely-compounded nature, his great capacity for both joy and sorrow, who, writing simply out of his own obscure and colorless experiences, became the most popular poet of his time and marked an epoch in the history of English Poetry which according to Matthew Arnold makes him "the precursor of Wordsworth," and according to Sainte-Beuve ranks him with Rousseau in bringing about the reaction against eighteenth century codes of taste and morality.

ANNA B. McMAHAN.

REPUBLICANISM IN SWITZERLAND AND AMERICA.*

The parallel and the contrast between the respective experiences of Switzerland and America in the growth of Federalism proves continuously attractive to American students, as is instanced by a new treatise on the subject, by Mr. W. D. McCrackan, who has pursued his studies in Swiss history upon the soil where that history was made. The Alpine cantons entered into modern history with their "Perpetual Pact" of 1291, between three cantons; and the league assumed a position among the European powers in 1499, when it had grown to comprise ten cantons, which in that year threw off their former allegiance to the German Empire, and formed a confederation proper. By the year 1513, the confederation had grown to embrace thirteen cantons, which number remained for more than two centuries; and it was not until 1648 that these thirteen cantons secured from the German Empire the acknowledgement of their independence. The federation period of the Swiss Republic continued until 1848, when their first federal constitution, properly speaking, was adopted; since when these Alpine cantons have constituted a true federal Republic. In America the first attempt at Federalism was made in 1643, by the temporary union of four colonies. The colonial period, of dependence upon a foreign power, with occasional leagues between colonies, continued for a hundred and thirty-four years. The confederation period, commencing in 1777, endured but twelve years; and in 1789 the young nation set the example of a well organized federal State, upon a plan which has proved to be enduring. Thus the Swiss democracies were sixty years behind their American exemplar in adopting the system, to which at last they were driven by the logic of events. Their form of federalism, though differing materially from its American prototype, was in some respects consciously modelled after it, and was made to include such features of the American plan as could be utilized.

It is acknowledged that it was the same Teutonic spirit of individual liberty that animated these two peoples, which, after such differing experiences, have assumed political positions so nearly similar. Why should Switzerland have lingered so long, from 1291 to 1499, in a condition of provincial dependence upon the

German Empire, before attempting separate existence upon the plan of cantonal independence? And why endure the weakness, dangers, and vicissitudes of a merely federated relation for three and a half centuries, before becoming convinced of the vital necessity of adopting a compact federalism? The answer to these problems is to be found primarily in their environment, though other influences were undoubtedly operative. Switzerland occupied a comparatively small territory, and was surrounded by envious and bellicose neighbors. The Alpine cantons must literally fight their way for two centuries, to independence of the German Empire. Their devotion to cantonal autonomy took the extreme form; and the same unfriendly influences which had kept them dependent tended afterward to keep these cantons apart from each other, and developed racial, religious, and lingual differences into animosities. So they were compelled to fight, among themselves, their way toward national organization, till of their misfortunes and necessities was born that wisdom which taught the warring cantons to find their full strength and their real life in a federal union. The American colonies, planted across the sea from their mother-land, and thus left largely to themselves, escaped many of the severest trials of the Swiss Cantons. The same Teutonic spirit of liberty, grown stronger with the advancing centuries, had on the plains of America a broader field and larger opportunities than in the Swiss valleys. With a continental field of development, the Swiss democracy might have bourgeoned in the eighteenth century as rapidly as did its more favored American exemplar.

But how, in the midst of mediæval feudalism, could individual liberty find even the first opportunity for successful self-assertion? The inquiring American student seeks to discover the genesis of Swiss democracy. Granting their disposition, what opportunities had the Swiss mountaineers for attempting to erect a rural democracy in the very stronghold of feudalism, the domains of the house of Habsburg? We know that the American colonists had the advantages of descent from free men, and of some training in political freedom. Without such advantages, how could the Switzers secure even the beginnings of individual liberty? Mr. McCrackan's studies in Swiss history have enabled him to throw agreeable light upon some of the short but sturdy first steps of these mountaineers toward their present freedom.

The communities which grew into the Swiss

*RISE OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC: A History. By W. D. McCrackan. Boston: Arena Publishing Company.

cantons were in mediæval times mere fiefs of the great lords, temporal or spiritual, of the German Empire. The gradual increase of the power of the Emperor at the expense of that of his princes proved beneficial to the cause of democracy in the Alps. The three communities which formed the league of 1291 had already been recognized by the Emperor as his immediate subjects, entitled to his protection and to be governed by imperial bailiffs. Immunity from the control of the feudal lords was thus accorded to them. In Uri this immunity was secured by the grant of the territory to an abbey. Schwyz secured a like privilege by a charter from the Emperor, granted for the purpose of settling a local contest as to certain territory. The basis of the claim of Unterwalden to the like immunity is not so clear. But in 1291 these three cantons, claiming by this immunity to be no longer under any obligations to feudal lords, and being wisely jealous of the claims and pretensions of the Habsburgs to such feudal lordship, formed for their common protection the memorable "Perpetual League." This pact, while recognizing their subjection to the Emperor, contains many assertions of the inherent governing power of a democracy. By means of this alliance, the confederates together resisted with success the attempted encroachment of the Habsburgs, and achieved the brilliant victory at Morgarten. Their example infected their German neighbors. Other communities imitated it, and, with more or less reason, claimed the imperial immunity, and from time to time joined the alliance, until the early federation of the "eight old cantons" was complete by the admission of Bern in 1353. In each of these eight cantons, Mr. McCrackan has traced the growth of this principle of imperial immunity, which was the foundation of Swiss liberty. A century and a quarter later, two other cities were admitted to the league. In 1494, the ten allied cantons became involved in a war with the Emperor, at the close of which, in 1499, the Swiss, having practically achieved their independence, declared their allegiance to the empire at an end. Their success in holding to this position marks 1499 as the date of their independence, instead of 1648, when this claim was admitted by the empire. Thus had the contest between imperial and feudal power resulted in securing to these liberty loving mountaineers freedom from both, and enabled them in 1513 to complete their confederacy of thirteen cantons, which continued as the exponent

of Swiss nationality for nearly three centuries. The Swiss type of republicanism, thus observed in its beginnings, is traced by the author through its many vicissitudes, down to the present time. Though but a rapid sketch of the development of Swiss constitutionalism, it is yet properly called a history. His mode of treatment of the subject is novel and pleasing. Though without illustrating at any length either the geography, the detailed history or the climate of Switzerland, or the traits, pursuits, or social life of its people, he has aimed to present the salient points in their progress toward their present constitutional status. This he has done within the compass of one volume, conveniently divided into fifty brief chapters, so that the busy man, whose reading must be done by piece-meal, may take in this work by littles.

The romantic elements of Swiss history show how truth may surpass fiction in interest. These diminutive democracies could not weld together, and they formed their unions tardily, without coalescing. The mutual jealousies of the rural communes and the free cities seemed for centuries inextinguishable. The Reformation, the political operation of which in Switzerland is well summarized by this author, ran new lines of cleavage through the centres of both rural and urban communities, and divided them into hostile camps, sometimes splitting a canton into two distinct governments. Fighting for liberty made battle a trade, and the Swiss made war upon their neighbors, and for a time undertook to hold the balance of power in Europe; afterwards gladly subsiding into that neutrality which has now been guaranteed to them by their powerful neighbors. The storm of the French Revolution burst the barriers of their neutrality, and the French form of a republic was imposed upon them by France. Soon the pendulum swung to the other extreme, and the cantons resumed their individual independence as members of a loose confederation. Internecine quarrels brought them under the thumb of Bonaparte, with his Act of Mediation. It is curious to see how many of the constitutional features of the Swiss Republic were, by the genius of the great Napoleon, forecast for the Swiss people in this Act of Mediation. The federalism which he told them was "uncommonly advantageous for small states" has at last become their accepted system. Modifying and improving their form of federalism from time to time, they have under their constitution of 1874 approached still

nearest to the American model. It is probable that they will yet find it to their liking to imitate us more closely in their federal judiciary; while there are even now Americans — and Mr. McCrackan is one — who advocate the introduction here of that practical democracy which operates through the Swiss “referendum” and “initiative.”

This work is, for readers in general, the most entertaining and satisfactory review of this subject which has appeared in America. Its numerous typographical errors are a warning to the enterprising publishers that more accurate proof-reading is necessary.

JAMES O. PIERCE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A book for New Englanders and their descendants.

“QUABBIN, the Story of a Small Town, with Outlooks upon Puritan Life” (Lee & Shepard), is the title of a book by Mr. Francis H. Underwood. It is a story only in the sense of being a careful historical study, for its every page bears the marks of minute and accurate observation, and even the conversations introduced into the interspersed social episodes show the stamp of reality so clearly that they seem to have been written out upon the spot. Mr. Underwood’s “Quabbin” is a country town of about a thousand souls, situated in Western Massachusetts, settled in the eighteenth century, after the more fertile lands of the Connecticut Valley had become fully occupied. Of this town, typical of so many others — typical, in fact, of all New England except the few larger settlements — the author has given us a study unsurpassed and unsurpassable for fidelity to fact. The study centres about the period of the author’s own boyish recollections, fifty or sixty years ago, but from that point frequent excursions are made into both past and future, so that the book has a dynamic as well as a static aspect. In the latter aspect, it tells us exactly what the good people of Quabbin were doing and thinking every year, every week, almost every day and hour of their lives, — it tells us of their village and family ways, their political and religious ideas. In its dynamic aspect, the book describes, step by step, the slow process of social and intellectual evolution by which Quabbin has emerged from the dull Puritan atmosphere of the past into something of the clear air and light of the modern world. So careful and detailed an exhibit of a community, of its outer and inner life, has seldom been attempted, and never, we should say, more successfully made. For Mr. Underwood’s book, which we opened with the expectation of finding a sort of novel, proved far more fascinating than most fictions, and was found to compel the closest sort of attention. To the descendants of Pilgrims

and Puritans the work is dedicated, and they, at least, cannot read it without being thrilled to the inmost fibre by its sympathetic delineation of their ancestral past, for New England is Quabbin very much as Freiligrath declared Germany to be Hamlet. The philosophic temper of this retrospect is not the least admirable of its features. There is no blindness to the faults of the Puritans. In a certain sense, they were the salt of the New World, and yet their theocratic polity, suppressing individuality as relentlessly as did the Spartan system or the rule of the monastic orders, operated as a formidable barrier to the advance of civilization. The author understands all this, and condemns it at need, but not in the unmeasured terms of certain modern writers, — he has penetrated too deeply into the Puritan spirit for that. The closing chapter, on “the return of the native,” will find its responsive echo in the heart of every man who, after an active life in the world, has once more sought the town of his birth, and has vainly endeavored to make fact fit with memory. The author feelingly and beautifully expresses the gentle pathos of this situation, and his closing paragraphs will not easily be forgotten.

Views and sketches of Fleet Street and the Strand.

IN “Charing Cross to St. Paul’s” (Macmillan), a handsomely printed volume illustrative and descriptive of London’s great thoroughfare, Fleet Street and the Strand, Mr. Joseph Pennell furnishes the drawings and Mr. Justin McCarthy the text. The book is not, as the title seems to imply, of the guide-book order, though it furnishes a fair amount of facts useful to tourists. Its best commendation is that it is extremely lively and readable. The text is largely a running commentary on the illustrations, amplified with anecdote, reminiscence, and a good deal of desultory chat, witty and sentimental. Mr. McCarthy’s manner is pleasantly off-hand, and he has the right gift of transfiguring the commonplace, and of turning to literary account things at first sight hopelessly trivial and familiar. The following sketch of a thirsty cabman (no unwonted phenomenon) has a ring of Dickens: “I once caught a glimpse of a face at Charing Cross one hot day last summer which expressed a greater concentration of happiness than I had ever seen on the human countenance before, or perhaps shall ever see there again. It was a hot day — glowingly, gloriously hot. Outside a public-house door stood the driver of a four-wheeler, his cab waiting for him. He held in one hand a pot of beer from which he had been taking a deep draught. He held the vessel sideways in his hand, and seeing that there was a good deal left he stopped for a moment to think over the joy of the occasion and to take it in and become equal to it. There he was, happy in the past, in the present, in the near future. The pleasures of memory, the pleasures of hope, the pleasures of imagination! Think of that first deep, long draught! How delightful in the mere memory!”

That man would not abate one jot of the heat of that day lest in doing so he might lose any of the joy of the deep drink. But then, in this present interval of delight, and while he is allowing the witchery of the first draught to gladden his veins and his senses, comes the knowledge that there is still a deeper draught awaiting his good pleasure. So he pauses in his drink, slants the pot a little, looks down tenderly into its dark, foam-curdled pool, and still thrilling with the joy of the past drink, anticipates the rapture of the drink that is to come." Mr. Pennell's capital sketches are full of life and bustle, giving no hint of the set scene or the lay figure. Looking at them, one seems to catch the roar and rattle of distant Fleet Street, and to feel once more in one's ribs the admonitory elbows of the driving throng.

*Stage chat
and recollections
of an actor.*

THE eye before which the kaleidoscope is constantly turning takes little note of patterns and harmonies; and when a great actor or singer prints a book of recollections, one naturally looks for variety rather than closeness or depth of observation. Mr. Charles Santley's "Student and Singer" (Macmillan) is a readable, though fragmentary, review of his professional career, enlivened with odds and ends of stage chat and memories of notable colleagues. Having preserved no notes or formal autobiographical data, the author has written from memory, following Cellini's plan of jotting things down about as they occurred to him. Many of Mr. Santley's stories illustrate the humors of theatrical life. His first experience of the proverbial facetiousness of the Dublin gallery was in "Faust," in the scene of Valentine's death. "After the duel, Martha, who rushed in at the head of the crowd, raised my head and held me in her arms during the first part of the scene. There was a death-like stillness in the house, which was interrupted by a voice from the gallery calling out: 'Unbutton his weskit!'" A more notable instance occurred one night when the author was playing "Plunket" in "Marta": "According to the business arranged, I took up a candle and proceeded to light the two girls to their room, but I had scarcely put my foot inside the door than a witty individual called out, 'Ah, ah! would ye now?'" The most interesting part of the memoir is the account of the author's early experiences in Italy. The book is neatly gotten up, and there are two portraits of Mr. Santley in favorite rôles.

*Scientific facts
for unscientific
readers.*

TWO books are at hand, both published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., with similar purpose,—namely, to present scientific facts in a manner simple enough to be understood by unscientific readers, yet so accurate as to teach nothing that will afterwards have to be unlearned. One of these is called "The Great World's Farm," by Selina Gaye, and deals mainly with the conditions of plant-life, showing how soils

are formed, how crops are grown, what are their chances of life, what their friends and their foes. The other is "Beauties of Nature," by Sir John Lubbock, and takes up a larger variety of subjects. Beginning with Animal and Plant Life, it continues with Woods and Fields, Mountains, Water, Rivers and Lakes, the Sea, and the Starry Heavens. Fifty-five illustrations and twelve plates, together with its pretty binding and pleasing style, make this a very attractive volume.

*Faith-healing
and kindred
phenomena.*

"FAITH-HEALING, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena" (Century Co.) is the title of a volume of essays by Mr. J. M. Buckley, reprinted from the "Century" magazine. The subject is a dangerous one to handle, when we consider the amount and kind of nonsense that is, and may be, written about it, but Mr. Buckley approaches it in a spirit of sanity, taking as his motto the following admirable rule of treatment: "So long as it is possible to find a rational explanation of what unquestionably is, there is no reason to suspect, and it is superstition to assume, the operation of supernatural causes."

*A second volume of
Mr. Dakyns's
English Xenophon.*

THE first volume of Mr. H. G. Dakyns's translation of "The Works of Xenophon" (Macmillan) was published in 1890, and contained the "Anabasis" with Books I. and II. of the "Hellenica." We now have the second volume, which completes the "Hellenica," and adds the "Agesilaus," the two "Politics," and the "Revenues." Two further volumes will complete this handsome and scholarly English Xenophon. The translator pays generous tribute to the scholars who have helped him in the work, to Professors Jowett and Jebb, and to Mr. J. R. Mozley, who "has worked in my behalf far harder than many men care to work for themselves." The volume has a very full index.

BRIEFER MENTION.

THE "Greek Devotions of Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester" (Young), edited by Canon Peter Goldsmith Medd, from a recently discovered autograph, and printed in the Greek text, is a small volume of considerable interest. This is the work which the late Cardinal Newman translated into English from a manuscript less authentic, but the earliest then known. Some other recent books of religious interest are "The Evolution of Christianity" (Ellis), by Mr. M. J. Savage; "Afterglow" (Ellis), four little essays or sermons by Mr. Frederic A. Hinkley; "Members of One Body" (Ellis), six sermons by Mr. Samuel McChord Crothers; "The Cause of the Toiler" (Kerr), a pamphlet sermon by Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones; and "An American Missionary in Japan" (Houghton), by Dr. M. L. Gordon, with an introduction by Mr. William Elliot Griffis.

"Wit and Wisdom" are represented by three small volumes of recent issue. One of them is devoted to Lamb, is published as a "Knickerbocker Nugget"

(Putnam), and is edited by Mr. Ernest D. North. The volume devoted to Heine (Cupples), contains not only wit and wisdom, but poetry as well, is preceded by Arnold's essay, and is edited by Mr. Newell Dunbar. The third volume gives us wickedness in place of poetry, being Mr. Henri Pène Dubois's collection of "Witty, Wise, and Wicked Maxims" (Brentano), selected from many sources, mostly French, and prefaced by the editor's opinions on maxims in general.

"TWENTY-FIVE Years of St. Andrews" (Longmans), A. K. H. B.'s collection of amiable reminiscences, is completed by the publication of a second volume. The last completed decade is covered by this volume, which abounds in anecdotes and good-natured gossip. The culminating point of the writer's glory was reached in 1890, when he presided over the General Assembly of the Kirk, and "was received with immense warmth."

WE have received a volume entitled "The Bookworm: An Illustrated Treasury of Old-Time Literature" (Armstrong), and we gather from various allusions in the contents that it is the 1892 volume of the periodical of that name. But no date is given upon the title-page, nor are we anywhere directly told the year to which the work should be credited. Fortunately, there is an index, so that we are not left altogether helpless in presence of the very miscellaneous contents of the book.

MR. OLIVER T. MORTON'S "The Southern Empire, with Other Papers" (Houghton), is a volume of three essays, the two not named in the title being entitled "Oxford" and "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform." The latter paper is one of the most convincing arguments for that greatly needed reform that have ever come to our notice. The titular essay is about the Knights of the Golden Circle and their ambitious plan of a great empire about the Gulf of Mexico, having slavery for its social corner-stone.

"THE Universal Atlas" (Dodd) is a well-printed and inexpensive work, including both maps and statistical tables. The United States receive a large share of attention, each of them having, in most cases, a sheet to itself, with railroads and county lines indicated to date, as well as a table of county areas and populations. The work is an excellent atlas for family reference.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. William Morris's new romance is to be called "The Well at the World's End."

M. Bourget's "Cosmopolis" is to be published in English by Messrs. Tait, Sons & Company.

A new English translation of the novels of Tourguénieff, with introductions by "Stepniak," is in course of preparation in London.

Messrs. Morrill, Higgins & Company will publish early this spring "Men, Women, and Emotions," a new volume of poems by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Harper's Magazine" for February has personal articles on Whittier and Curtis; the former by Mrs. Annie Fields, and the latter by the Rev. John W. Chadwick.

Messrs. F. J. Schulte & Co. have in press for early publication a new book by Mr. Hamlin Garland, entitled "Prairie Folks." It consists of nine characteristic stories bound together by bits of original verse.

"The Nineteenth Century" for January contains Mr. Swinburne's latest poetical tribute to Tennyson, and an

intensely interesting article of reminiscence concerning the late Laureate, by Mr. James Knowles, the editor.

The new edition of the travels of Lewis and Clark, edited by Dr. Elliott Coues, will soon be published by Mr. Francis P. Harper. The edition will be in four volumes, and limited to one thousand copies, in two forms.

Prof. H. H. Boyesen is preparing a volume of "Essays on Scandinavian Literature," to be made up in part of articles contributed by him to various periodicals, including THE DIAL. It will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Price-McGill Company announce "John Holden, Unionist," by Mr. T. C. DeLeon; "Six Cent Sam's," a volume of stories by Mr. Julian Hawthorne; "John Applegate, Surgeon," by Miss Mary Harriet Norris; and "The Loupell Mystery," by Mr. Austyn Granville.

A posthumous poem by the late James De Mille, of Dalhousie College, will soon be published in a limited edition, by Messrs. T. C. Allen & Company, Halifax, N. S. The poem is entitled "Behind the Veil," and has been edited for publication by Dr. Archibald Mac-Mechan.

The J. B. Lippincott Company announce the completion, early this month, of the new "Chambers's Encyclopedia." The ten volumes of this work will contain over eleven million words. "One of the Bevans," a novel by Mrs. Robert Jocelyn, is promised by the same publishers.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company announce a "Dictionary of Every-Day German and English," by Dr. Martin Krummacker; "The Great Enigma," by Mr. W. S. Lilly; "In the Sunshine of Her Youth," by Miss Beatrice Whitby; and a new edition of Haeckel's "History of Creation."

Justice Lamar, of the Supreme Court of the United States, whose not unexpected death took place January 23, was a man of exceptional intellectual acquirements, having occupied professorships of mathematics, economics, and law in the Universities of Georgia and Mississippi. He was an illustrious example of the scholar in politics, and did nothing to bring that much abused title into disrepute.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers announce "The Elements of Deductive Logic," by Professor Noah K. Davis; "Morocco as It Is," by Mr. Stephen Bonsal; a "Short History of the Christian Church," by Bishop Hurst; "Wolfenberg," by Mr. William Black; "Katharine North," by Miss Maria Louise Pool; "Time's Revenges," by Mr. David Christie Murray; and "From One Generation to Another," by Mr. Henry Seton Merriman.

Mr. F. York Powell, in the London "Academy," protests against the sending of the famous Flatley Book, one of the most precious manuscripts in the world, to the Chicago Exposition by the Danish Government. He grounds his protest on the fact that the manuscript is exceedingly accessible where it now is, that few American scholars can read it, that an excellent facsimile of the part that especially concerns Americans has been produced by an American scholar now deceased, and that the whole manuscript has been published.

"The Andover Review" for December has a serious and sympathetic study of Shelley by Mr. Kenyon West. So fair an estimate of the poet's work, and so genuine an appreciation of the beauty of his life and

ideals, are not often seen, and it is indeed a sign of the times that they should be given to us through the medium of a theological review. But the "Andover" has always been conducted in a spirit of broad culture, and the theology of a sterner past would have looked upon it as a doubtful ally. Announcement is made that the "Review" will hereafter appear bi-monthly, the single issue considerably enlarged, and that the annual subscription will henceforth be but three dollars.

"Current Topics," a new monthly magazine emanating (although not officially) from the University of Chicago, bears many marks of the amateur in its make-up, but is given dignity by Dr. von Holst's Convocation Address on "The Need of Universities in the United States," and the following fine sonnet by Miss Harriet Monroe, upon the inauguration of the University:

"Swing wide thy gates, city of destiny—
Haste, for the rulers of the world are come.
Go forth with banners, sound the echoing drum,
Sing a new song and set thy prisoners free.
Set free thy slaves of toil, whose dull eyes see
No fields of joy, whose leaden lips are dumb.
Unchain thy slaves of gold; their hearts long numb,
Will swell and bud and bloom to gladden thee.
For lo! the immortal rulers of the earth,
Mightier than kings, gentler than motherhood,
Throng at thy call to lead thy brave desire.
Now the time ripens to a nobler birth.
Give all thou hast and win the deathless good;
Humble thy heart and bid thy soul aspire."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1893.

Alexander III. E. B. Lanin. *Contemporary* (Jan.)
Amir of Afghanistan. Sir L. Griffin. *Fortnightly* (Jan.)
Architecture a Profession or Art? *Nineteenth Century* (Jan.)
Army Reforms. John Gibbon. *North American*.
Art, New Works on. Lucy Monroe. *Dial*.
Birds, Grass Land. Illus. Spencer Trotter. *Popular Science*.
Brazilian Politics and Finance. *Fortnightly* (Jan.)
Bristol in Cabot's Time. Illus. J. B. Shipley. *Harper*.
Chicago, Literary. Illus. W. M. Payne. *New England Mag.*
Columbia River. Illus. Laura B. Starr. *Californian*.
Common Schools, American. J. M. King. *North American*.
Cowper, William. Anna B. McMahan. *Dial*.
Curtis, G. W. Illus. J. W. Chadwick. *Harper*.
Death Valley. Illus. J. R. Spears. *Californian*.
Democracy, False. W. S. Lilly. *Nineteenth Century* (Jan.)
Diggers of Thirty Years Ago. Illus. *Overland*.
Dress, Servility in. Herbert Maxwell. *Popular Science*.
Education, Sham. J. P. Mahaffy. *Nineteenth Century* (Jan.)
Educational Exhibits at World's Fairs. *Educational Review*.
English Church Changes. Dean of St. Paul's. *North Am.*
Florentine Artists. Illus. E. H. and E. W. Blashfield. *Scribner*.
Football in California. Illus. P. Weaver, Jr. *Overland*.
France's Criminal Law. Madame Adam. *North American*.
Garter Snake, The. Illus. A. G. Mayer. *Popular Science*.
Geographical Text-Books. J. W. Redway. *Educational Rev.*
Ghosts and their Photos. H. R. Haweis. *Fortnightly* (Jan.)
Glass Industry. Illus. C. H. Henderson. *Popular Science*.
Heroines of Our Frontier Army. Charles King. *Dial*.
Home Rule, Financial Aspect. *Contemporary* (Jan.)
Ibsen's New Drama. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
Iceland, Books and Reading in. W. E. Mead. *Atlantic*.
Insane Asylum, Life in an. Illus. C. W. Coyle. *Overland*.
Insanity, Increase of. W. J. Corbet. *Fortnightly* (Jan.)
Insomnia. E. A. U. Valentine. *New England Mag.*
Journalism. M. de Blowitz. *Contemporary* (Jan.)
Kentucky's Pioneer Town. H. C. Wood. *New Eng. Mag.*
Labor, Cheap. D. F. Schloss. *Fortnightly* (Jan.)

Liszt, Franz. Illus. Camille Saint-Saëns. *Century*.
Literature at the Columbian Exposition. *Dial*.
Literature Teaching. *Dial*.
Literature and Philology. O. F. Emerson. *Educational Rev.*
Malay Peninsula. Illus. John Fairlie. *Century*.
Man in Nature. M. Paul Topinard. *Popular Science*.
Marston, Philip Bourke. Newton M. Hall. *New Eng. Mag.*
Medieval Country Houses. Mary Darmester. *Contemporary*.
Men of Letters. Illus. J. Realf, Jr. *Californian*.
Michaelangelo. H. P. Horne. *Fortnightly* (Jan.)
Moltke, Memorials of. *Dial*.
New Orleans. Illus. Julian Ralph. *Harper*.
Number Forms. Illus. G. T. W. Patrick. *Popular Science*.
Panama Canal Congress. Daniel Ammen. *North American*.
Parsons, Thomas W. Richard Hovey. *Atlantic*.
Pessimism. S. A. Alexander. *Contemporary* (Jan.)
Philadelphia, New. Illus. Charles Morris. *Lippincott*.
Pilgrim's Church in Plymouth. Arthur Lord. *New Eng. Mag.*
Poets and Life. F. W. H. Myers. *Nineteenth Century* (Jan.)
Plant Life. Illus. C. F. Holder. *Californian*.
Priest in Politics. M. Davitt. *Nineteenth Century* (Jan.)
Provence. Illus. T. A. Janvier. *Century*.
Public School Pioneering. G. H. Martin. *Educational Rev.*
Rome, a Decorator in. Illus. F. Crowninshield. *Scribner*.
Rumford, Count. G. E. Ellis. *Atlantic*.
Russian Approach to India. Karl Blind. *Lippincott*.
Salvini, Autobiography of. Illus. *Century*.
Samoa. Countess of Jersey. *Nineteenth Century* (Jan.)
San Diego. Illus. J. A. Hall. *Californian*.
Science Teaching. Fred. Guthrie. *Popular Science*.
Seward and Lincoln. J. M. Scovel. *Lippincott*.
Shakespeare and Copyright. Horace Davis. *Atlantic*.
Summer. Marquis de Chambrun. *Scribner*.
Swiss and American Republicanism. J. O. Pierce. *Dial*.
Tariff Revision. W. M. Springer. *North American*.
Tennyson. John Vance Cheney. *Californian*.
Tennyson, Voice of. Illus. H. Van Dyke. *Century*.
Tropang, The. Illus. Wm. Marshall. *Popular Science*.
Twelfth Night. Illus. E. A. Abbey. *Harper*.
Utah. Illus. G. L. Browne. *Californian*.
Venice to Gross-Venediger. Illus. H. Van Dyke. *Scribner*.
Vivisection. A. C. Jones. *Fortnightly* (Jan.)
White Mountain Forests in Peril. J. H. Ward. *Atlantic*.
Whittier. Illus. Annie Fields. *Harper*.
World's Fair, Glimpses of the. C. C. Buel. *Century*.
Wrestling. Illus. H. F. Wolff. *Lippincott*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 50 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

REFERENCE.

An Index to General Literature: Biographical, Historical, and Literary Essays, etc., etc. By William I. Fletcher, A.M., with the cooperation of many Librarians. (Issued by the Publishing Section of the Am. Library Association.) 4to, pp. 329. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.
Rand, McNally & Co.'s New Pocket Atlas. With colored maps, and much statistical matter. 16mo, pp. 171. Paper, 25 cts.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Norman Monuments of Palermo and Environs. A Study by Arne Dehli, author of "Ravenna," assisted by J. Howard Chamberlain. In 4 parts. Part I., folio, with 18 plates and numerous letterpress illustrations. Ticknor & Co. \$5.00.
The Mound Builders: Their Works and Relics. By Rev. Stephen D. Peet, Ph.D. Vol. I., illus., large 8vo, pp. 376. Chicago: Office The American Antiquarian.

HISTORY.

The Dawn of Italian Independence: Italy from the Congress of Vienna, 1814, to the Fall of Venice, 1849. In 2 vols., with maps, 12mo, gilt top. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.00.

Footprints of Statesmen during the Eighteenth Century in England. By Reginald Baliol Brett. 12mo, pp. 195, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

The Pageant of St. Luson, Saint Ste. Marie, 1671: An Address by Justin Winsor, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 35. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan.

The Discovery of America: A Commemorative Address by B. A. Hinsdale, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 31. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan.

BIOGRAPHY.

Goethe's Mutter: Ein Lebensbild nach den Quellen. Von Dr. Karl Heinemann. Fourth edition, revised. Illus. with portraits, etc., 8vo, pp. 388, uncut. Leipzig: Artur Seeman. Paper, \$2.25.

Pioneers of Science. By Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. Illus., 12mo, pp. 404. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

Twelve English Authoresses. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith." With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 200, gilt top, uncut edges. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXIII., Leighton to Lluelyn. Large 8vo, pp. 450, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. \$3.75.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Purgatory of Dante (Purgatorio I.—XXVII.). An experiment in literal verse translation, by Charles L. Shadwell, M.A. With introduction by Walter Pater, M.A. 8vo, pp. 410, uncut. Macmillan & Co. Vellum, \$4.00.

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